

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
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## LAURESTINUS.

How empty seems the firelit room,  
Where half in glow, and half in gloom  
Her life's mute tokens lie;  
An open desk, a book laid down,  
A mantle dropped, of gold and brown,  
The bloodhound watching by.

An easel veiled, and thereupon  
Her finished work, a victory won  
By months of honest toil:  
The fair fulfilment of her dreams  
Among her native woods and streams,  
Far from the world's turmoil.

Beside the bloodhound's mighty jaw  
Her flower has dropped; with tender awe  
I mark the hardy spray  
Of laurestinus, glossy green,  
White flowers and tiny buds between  
All pink as unblown may.

I dare not touch the pretty prize,  
O'er-watched by those half-open eyes;  
But looking on the flower,  
It seems most meet that she should wear  
This blossom, blown in winter air  
And washed by winter's shower.

No rose for her of ruddy hue,  
With thorns to pierce, as love's thorns do,  
Or steep the soul in sense;  
No lily trembling on its stem,  
However meet such diadem  
For her white innocence.

But this bright, hardy evergreen,  
That holds its blossoms white and clean  
Above the dark, damp mould;  
That shows alike to sun and shower  
Its glossy leaf, its pearly flower,  
Through all the winter cold.

It asks no shelter from the storm;  
She seeks no love to keep her warm,  
But love of closest kin;  
The crown of work, its blessed cares,  
The smile of Heaven, the poor man's prayers,  
Are all she strives to win.

And so she fares, alone, apart,  
Life-consecrate to God, to art,  
And giving both her best;  
She wears, afar from worldly strife,  
The blossom "of a blameless life"  
Upon her quiet breast.

All The Year Round.

## IZAAK WALTON.

*Obit Dec. 15, 1683.*

FATHER of anglers! when, two hundred years  
Agone, Death sealed thine eyes, his visage  
frore  
Grew touched — the legend tells — with sud-  
den ruth.  
He sealed thine eyes from tears and world's  
despite

With icy fingers, but he spared thy heart.

"Not death, but dreams, through all the years  
to come

Shall be thy portion, sweetest soul," he said —  
"Dreams of accustomed fields and haunts of  
yore,

Trout-dimpled pool, and babbling brook and  
burn —

Dreams of old faces and familiar speech,  
Of cordial geste and gossip by the way —  
Dreams of immortal morn, eternal May."

So Fine-ear, bending, Izaak, o'er thy tomb,  
Through chink and crevice of the mouldering  
stone

Hears, as it were, a ripple and a rhyme —  
Hears quaint discourse — Piscator's homily,  
Venator's staid response, and, after pause,  
The piping minor of the milkmaid's song,  
With cadence of the nightingale and thrush,  
Or distant-sounding bay of otter-hounds:  
Old life, old sport of Lea-side and of Dove —  
The life we cherish and the sport we love.

Athenæum.

T. WESTWOOD.

## NOT UNTIL NEXT TIME.

"I DREAMED that we were lovers still,  
As tender as we used to be,  
When I brought you the daffodil,  
And you looked up, and smiled at me."

"True sweethearts were we then indeed,  
When youth was budding into bloom;  
But now the flowers are gone to seed,  
And breezes have left no perfume."

"Because you ever, ever, will  
Take such a crooked view of things,  
Distorting this and that, until  
Confusion ends in cavillings."

"Because you never, never, will  
Perceive the force of what I say;  
As if I always reasoned ill —  
Enough to take one's breath away!"

"But what, if ripper love replace  
The vision that enchanted me,  
When all you did was perfect grace,  
And all you said was melody?"

"And what, if loyal heart renew  
The image, never quite foregone,  
Combining, as of yore, in you  
A Samson and a Solomon?"

"Then to the breezes will I toss  
The straws we split, with temper's loss,  
And seal upon your lips anew  
The peace that gentle hearts ensue."

"Oh, welcome then, ye playful ways,  
And sunshine of the early days,  
And banish to the clouds above  
Dull reason, that bedarkens love!"

Blackwood's Magazine. R. D. BLACKMORE.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.  
LORD MELBOURNE: A SKETCH.

THERE never probably was a time when a larger number of the community was interested in politics than now. The articles and speeches bearing upon any measure likely to be brought before Parliament become daily more numerous, and are devoured by the public with daily increasing appetite. There are few thinking men of any class who are not tolerably well versed at least in the outlines of the principal questions of the hour. The characters also and the careers of our leading statesmen are pretty generally known. It has, however, often occurred to me that there is, comparatively speaking, great ignorance of the past, particularly of those times which lie just beyond the memory of persons now living. It has struck me that at this moment some advantage might be taken of the temporary lull which seems to exist, while men on both sides are drawing breath before plunging into new struggles, to call attention to some of those who took a leading part in the earlier years of the present century. As a small contribution towards this object I have ventured to ask space in this review for a slight sketch of my relation, Lord Melbourne. His life has not long ago been admirably written by Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens, but, for the sake of clearness, and for the instruction of those who have not been able to read this work, I have cast my few remarks upon his career into the form of a biographical notice.

William, second Lord Melbourne, was born on the 15th of March, 1779. His father and mother were friends of the Prince of Wales, and lived in that brilliant Whig circle of which Fox and Sheridan were the political ornaments and the Duchess of Devonshire the Queen of Beauty.

It is difficult now to realize the spirit of that society, in which dissipation and intellectual refinement were so singularly combined. Drunkenness among the men was too frequent to be considered disgraceful, and even those who passed for being sober took their two or three bottles a day. Conversation was habitually interlarded with oaths. Gambling to such

an extent as to cripple the largest fortunes was the common amusement of both sexes; and morality, in other respects, was in a low state. But joined with this there was that high sense of personal honor, which in England, and still oftener in France, has at other times been united with similar manners. There was more than this. There was a spirit of justice and generosity—even of tenderness—and, in some cases, a delicacy of feeling which we are accustomed now to associate only with temperance and purity. There was also a very cultivated taste, derived from a far more extensive knowledge of the classics than is to be found in these days—a love of poetry and history—and, above all, an enthusiastic worship of liberty.

How came this strange worship of liberty among this exclusive and luxurious aristocracy? Originally, perhaps, as the result of faction. Excluded from power, and deprived of popularity by misfortunes and mistakes, which it would take too long to mention, the Whigs had been driven in their adversity to fall back upon their original principles. The debating instinct of their great Parliamentary leader seized upon the cry of liberty as a weapon of warfare in the House of Commons, and the cause which he advocated was so congenial to his frank and generous nature that he embraced it enthusiastically, and imparted his enthusiasm to his friends.

I will not pursue these thoughts further, but the circumstances of a man's early life have such influence in moulding his character, that even in such a slight sketch as this it may not have been out of place to call attention to the state of that society, with its vices and its redeeming qualities, in the midst of which William Lamb grew up.

He went to Eton in 1790, and to Cambridge in 1796. In 1797 he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, but without leaving Cambridge. In 1798 he won a prize by the oration on "The Progressive Improvement of Mankind," alluded to by Fox in the House of Commons.

In 1799 he went to Glasgow to Professor Millar's, from whose house he wrote, during this and the following year, several

letters to his mother which still exist. They show the keenest interest in politics, and an enthusiastic admiration for the French, and they are not entirely free from a slight taint of that apparent want of patriotism which infected the Liberal party at that time, and which did it such irreparable damage. It is only fair to say that there is an entry written in a notebook a few years later, showing how keenly he appreciated and lamented this political error, and that, throughout the whole course of the Peninsular war, he expresses the warmest wishes for the success of the British arms, and for those of our allies in Germany.

His career at the bar was brief and uneventful, and, by the death of his elder brother, he shortly became heir-apparent to his father's title and property.

We now come to a most important event; important to all men — in his case particularly so — and attended with almost unmitigated evil.

On the 3rd of June, 1805, was solemnized the marriage of William Lamb with Lady Caroline Ponsonby. It is heartless, unnecessary, and altogether wrong to expose the dreariness, and the pain, and the ridicule of an ill-assorted marriage. Too many particulars of this unhappy union have already found their way into print. Lady Caroline was a woman of ability, and, I suppose, a certain amount of charm, but nobody who reads her works, or her letters, or the accounts of her conduct, can doubt that she was partially insane. Of her husband it is enough to say that whatever his faults may have been of over-indulgence at certain times, and perhaps an occasional outbreak of a passionate temper at others, he was on the whole singularly tender and kind and considerate. He was always honorable and gentlemanlike, and he bore his burden with a brave and manly spirit. But for twenty years his life was embittered, his ability repressed, and even his credit with the world temporarily impaired.

I have said that the evil which attended his marriage was almost unmitigated, but there was one compensation. He was driven into seclusion. Whole days were passed in his library, and it was during

these years that he acquired habits of reading which were never afterwards abandoned, and that he accumulated much of that vast store of learning, that large knowledge of all subjects ancient and modern, sacred and profane, which formed a continual subject of astonishment to those who knew him in later life.

After endless quarrels and reconciliations they were regularly separated in 1825, but he was with her at her death-bed two years later, and she expired in his arms.

Though he was a member of the House of Commons for many years, and occasionally spoke, he cannot be said to have acquired any distinction in that assembly; but his abilities had always been recognized by leading men, as may be shown by the fact that he twice refused office during that period.

His public career began in 1827, when he accepted, in Canning's administration, the post of chief secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland.

It is difficult to form a just opinion of him as he appeared to his contemporaries at this time. Mr. McCullagh Torrens has done justice to his high character, his clear intellect, and his broad, sound, and sensible views of men and things. Lord Melbourne's relations must always feel grateful to Mr. Torrens for so clearly bringing forward this side of his nature, and perhaps also for not attempting to delineate those characteristics which required to be touched with a more delicate hand. The uncontrolled flow of humor, and originality, and mischief, might easily have been perverted in the description into buffoonery or jauntiness, from which no man was ever more free. The paradoxes might have appeared as an ambitious effort to astonish and to draw attention when considered separately from the simple and spontaneous manner in which they were uttered. They were saved from this, as all good paradoxes are, not only by the manner, but by each one of them containing some portion of the truth which is generally overlooked, and which was then for the first time presented to the mind in a striking and unexpected way.

But though any attempt to describe the



charm of Lord Melbourne's society would probably lead to disastrous failure, and must not therefore be attempted, it is important to bear in mind that this extraordinary charm was the one great thing that remained impressed upon the mind of all who had communication with him.

Sparkling originality, keen insight into character, a rich store of information on every subject always at hand to strengthen and illustrate conversation, exuberant vitality, and above all, the most transparent simplicity of nature; these, from what I have heard, must have been his principal characteristics. I am bound to add that he often shocked fastidious people. He never spoke without swearing, and he was often very coarse in his remarks. There was indeed in his remarks and in his whole character not only a wayward recklessness which was natural to him, but a touch of cynical bitterness which contrasted strongly with the nobleness and generosity of the original man. The nobleness and generosity were, I say, original. The scenes which surrounded him in his early years, and still more that unhappy married life to which I have already alluded, may account for the remainder.

I must add that this charm of manner and conversation was set forth to the utmost advantage by a beautiful voice and a prepossessing personal appearance. He was tall, strong, and of vigorous constitution, brilliantly handsome, even in old age, with a play of countenance to which none of the pictures or prints of him which exist do the smallest justice.

It may easily be believed that with a people like the Irish a man like this immediately became extremely popular; and the solid abilities of a genuine statesman were speedily recognized by his colleagues.

Even at this period, with Lord Wellesley as viceroy, the principal business in Ireland was transacted by the chief secretary, though this minister was not then, as he has frequently been since, in the Cabinet. Lord Wellesley, accustomed to a far different position in India, was occasionally somewhat sore at the false relation in which he stood to his nominal

subordinate; though this was made as endurable as possible by the tact and fine feeling of William Lamb, who was constantly reminding the ministers in England of the consideration due to a veteran statesman, whom fate had placed in so disagreeable an office, and offering to send back despatches to be rewritten.

The short administrations of Canning and Goderich were uneventful in Ireland, and early in that of the Duke of Wellington Lamb resigned. He came away with an increased reputation. His extreme facility of access, and his delight in talking openly with people of all parties, had made him much liked; and even his very indiscretions seem to have told in his favor.

On the 22nd of July, 1828, he became Lord Melbourne by the death of his father.

In Lord Grey's administration of 1830 he was made home secretary. His appointment to so important an office without any public reputation as a man of business, and without any Parliamentary distinction, shows conclusively what a high opinion had been formed of his abilities by those in authority. But by the world at large he seems to have been still looked upon as an indolent man, and to have caused some surprise by the vigor and ability which he displayed in dealing with the very serious disturbances which at this time broke out in many parts of the country. This unexpected vigor, joined with the calmness and good sense which he was already known to possess, made his reign at the home office very successful, and he had an opportunity of particularly distinguishing himself by his firmness and discretion in dealing with a monster deputation from the trade unions shortly before he was called to fill a still higher position.

In 1834, on the resignation of Lord Grey, he was sent for by the king. He formed a government from his existing colleagues, and from that period, with the exception of a short interval, he remained prime minister of England for seven years.

The political history of these seven years has been written over and over

again. It was a history to which the Liberal party cannot look back with much satisfaction, and the memory of the prime minister suffers unjustly in consequence. It was one of those strange periods of reaction which are so familiar to the student of English political life, when the country was becoming daily more conservative in its views and feelings. Then, as at other similar periods, the Liberals were obstinately unwilling to believe the fact. While the bulk of the electors were ever more and more anxious for repose, ardent politicians were racking their brains for new stimulants, and seeking what reforms they could propose and what institutions they could attack in order to arouse the flagging energies of their supporters. They mistook a real wish to be left quiet for a disgust at not being led forward, and as the activity of Lord Melbourne in his cabinet was chiefly displayed in restraining the restlessness of the more impetuous of his colleagues, he became responsible in the eyes of some for the want of progress; while the nation at large accused him, in common with the rest of his government, of continually catching up without serious consideration or depth of conviction any policy which might be likely to bring a momentary popularity to the ministry.

In regard to this last accusation we must remember that Lord Melbourne was only one of the governing committee of the country, *primus inter pares*. It is only a very strong and very popular prime minister who can be more than this. His influence, as I have said, is believed to have been a restraining one. We know the mistakes to which he was a party, but we shall never know how many he may have prevented.

After all said against it, this period of seven years was neither unfruitful in wise legislation nor inglorious to the country. Without endangering peace, we maintained the high position of England in Europe, and, though many measures were prematurely introduced and hastily abandoned, a long list may be made of very useful ones which were passed.

What were Lord Melbourne's real political convictions? Some have said that he was in his heart a Conservative. He was undoubtedly less advanced in his opinions than many of his colleagues, and he sometimes exhibited a half laughing, half sorrowful disbelief in the result expected by others from constitutional changes. This, coupled with a love of mischief, and a delight in startling people,

made him appear less advanced than he was; as when he said about Catholic emancipation that all the wise men in the country had been on one side of the question and all the fools on the other, and that the fools had turned out to be right after all; when he told some ardent reformer that the men who originated the Reform Bill ought to be hanged on a gallows forty feet high; and when he remarked to Lord John Russell that he did not see that there was much use in education, illustrating his remark by reference to a popular and successful, but not highly instructed, family. These sayings, however, did not express his real convictions. His was essentially that kind of mind which sees clearly both sides of a question. His position would naturally have been very near the border line which divides the two parties, and on which it is impossible for any public man in England permanently to stand, but it would have been under any circumstances on the Liberal side of that line.

As leader of the House of Lords he was on the whole successful, certainly not the reverse. But he had the misfortune to be opposed and most bitterly attacked during a great part of his administration by the two greatest orators of the day, and he received little support from his own side. Of his speaking it has been said that if it had been a little better it would have been quite first-rate. He never prepared a speech, and he hesitated a good deal except when under the influence of excitement. But at his worst he was always plain, unpretending, and sensible, and his voice and appearance were of themselves sufficient to command attention. When roused he could be forcible and even eloquent for a few minutes, and he always gave the impression that he only wanted rousing to become so. The most powerful of his opponents never could feel sure that he might not at any moment receive a sudden knock-down blow, and both Brougham and Lyndhurst more than once experienced this.

On the accession of the queen in 1837, Lord Melbourne found himself suddenly placed in a most trying and most responsible position. This is the part of his career which is best known, and in which his conduct has been most appreciated; and I do not think there is any other instance on record of the confidential and affectionate relations subsisting between a sovereign and a minister so interesting to dwell upon. It is difficult to say to which of the two these relations were pro-

ductive of the greatest benefit. Her Majesty was indeed fortunate in finding such a counsellor. His large-minded fairness, his impartial appreciation of the motives and feelings of all parties in the State — that philosophical power of seeing both sides of a question, to which I have alluded, and which perhaps stood in his way as a party leader — were under present circumstances of unmixed advantage. His vast political and historical knowledge supplied him with ready information on every subject, which, I need hardly say, he imparted in the most agreeable manner; and his judgment, stimulated by the gravity of the situation, enabled him to give sound advice at least on all the deeper and more important matters which properly belonged to his position. To the minister himself, this new stimulant was invaluable. His life had never quite recovered from the blight cast upon it in his early manhood. He had long suffered from want of an object for which he really cared; his thoughtful temperament too much inclined him in his serious moments to realize the vanity of all things; but he now found a new interest, which animated his remaining years of activity, and which afterwards solaced him in illness and depression and intellectual decay.

Nobly also did the queen repay this chivalrous devotion, and this unselfish solicitude for her welfare. Her clear intellect readily assimilated his wisdom, and her truthful and just nature responded sympathetically to his enlightened and generous views. And there was no ingratitude or subsequent neglect to mar the harmony of the picture; for to the last hour of his existence her kindness and attention were without a break. Her Majesty has been fortunate in many of her advisers — fortunate more particularly in her illustrious husband — but such is the force of early impression, that perhaps no small part of the sagacity and the virtue which have signalized her reign may be traced to the influence of Lord Melbourne.

This little biographical notice must now be brought to a close. In 1841 his administration came to an end. In the autumn of 1842 he had a paralytic stroke. He recovered and lived till 1848, and was able to take his place in the House of Lords and to appear in society. But his sweet temper was soured and his spirits became unequal; his bright intellect was dimmed, and his peculiarities assumed an exaggerated form. He had been so famous in earlier days for the brilliancy of

his conversation, that even after his illness people remembered and repeated what he said. This has done his reputation some injury, and the stories told about him do not always convey a correct impression of his ability and his charm.

The life which I have attempted to sketch was an eventful one; and Lord Melbourne took no small share in the movements of his time. But it seems to have been the impression of all who met him that he might have done much more than he ever did, and that he was a far abler and greater man than many who have filled a larger space in history.

COWPER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

OLD LADY MARY:

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

VI.

It was winter, and snow was on the ground.

Lady Mary found herself on the road that led through her own village going home. It was like a picture of a wintry night — like one of those pictures that please the children at Christmas. A little snow sprinkled on the roofs, just enough to define them, and on the edges of the roads; every cottage window showing a ruddy glimmer in the twilight; the men coming home from their work; the children, tied up in comforters and caps, stealing in from the slides, and from the pond where they were forbidden to go; and, in the distance, the trees of the great house standing up dark, turning the twilight into night. She had a curious enjoyment in it, simple like that of a child, and a wish to talk to some one out of the fulness of her heart. She overtook, her step being far lighter and quicker than his, one of the men going home from his work, and spoke to him, telling him with a smile not to be afraid; but he never so much as raised his head, and went plodding on with his heavy step, not knowing that she had spoken to him. She was startled by this; but said to herself that the men were dull, that their perceptions were confused, and that it was getting dark — and went on, passing him quickly. His breath made a cloud in the air as he walked, and his heavy, plodding steps sounded into the frosty night. She perceived that her own were invisible and inaudible, with a curious momentary sea-

sation half of pleasure, half of pain. She felt no cold, and she saw through the twilight as clearly as if it had been day. There was no fatigue or sense of weakness in her; but she had the strange, wistful feeling of an exile returning after long years, not knowing how he may find those he had left. At one of the first houses in the village there was a woman standing at her door, looking out for her children — one who knew Lady Mary well. She stopped quite cheerfully to bid her good evening, as she had done in her vigorous days, before she grew old. It was a little experiment, too. She thought it possible that Catherine would scream out, and perhaps fly from her; but surely would be easily reassured when she heard the voice she knew, and saw by her one who was no ghost, but her own kind mistress. But Catherine took no notice when she spoke; she did not so much as turn her head. Lady Mary stood by her patiently, with more and more of that wistful desire to be recognized. She put her hand timidly upon the woman's arm, who was thinking of nothing but her boys, and calling to them, straining her eyes in the fading light. "Don't be afraid — they are coming, they are safe," she said, pressing Catherine's arm. But the woman never moved. She took no notice. She called to a neighbor who was passing to ask if she had seen the children, and the two stood and talked in the dim air, not conscious of the third who stood between them, looking from one to another, astonished, paralyzed. Lady Mary had not been prepared for this; she could not believe it even now. She repeated their names more and more anxiously, and even plucked at their sleeves to call their attention. She stood as a poor dependant sometimes stands, wistful, civil, trying to say something that will please, while they talked and took no notice; and then the neighbor passed on, and Catherine went into her house. It is hard to be left out in the cold when others go into their cheerful houses; but to be thus left outside of life, to speak and not be heard, to stand unseen, astounded, unable to secure any attention! She had thought they would be frightened, but it was not they who were frightened. A great panic seized the woman who was no more of this world. She had almost rejoiced to find herself back, walking so lightly, so strongly, finding everything easy that had been so hard; and yet but a few minutes had passed, and she knew, never more to be deceived, that she was no longer of this

world. What if she should be condemned to wander forever among familiar places that knew her no more, appealing for a look, a word, to those who could no longer see her, or hear her cry, or know of her presence? Terror seized upon her, a chill and pang of fear beyond description. She felt an impulse to fly wildly into the dark, into the night, like a lost creature; to find again somehow, she could not tell how, the door out of which she had come, and beat upon it wildly with her hands, and implore to be taken home. For a moment she stood looking round her, lost and alone in the wide universe; no one to speak to her, no one to comfort her — outside of life altogether. Other rustic figures, slow-stepping, leisurely, at their ease, went and came, one at a time; but in this place, where every stranger was an object of curiosity, no one cast a glance at her. She was as if she had never been.

Presently she found herself entering her own house.

It was all shut up and silent, — not a window lighted along the whole front of the house which used to twinkle and glitter with lights. It soothed her somewhat to see this, as if in evidence that the place had changed with her. She went in silently, and the darkness was as day to her. Her own rooms were all shut up, yet were open to her steps, which no external obstacle could limit. There was still the sound of life below stairs, and in the housekeeper's room a cheerful party gathered round the fire. It was there that she turned first with some wistful human attraction towards the warmth and light rather than to the still places in which her own life had been passed. Mrs. Prentiss, the housekeeper, had her daughter with her on a visit, and the daughter's baby lay asleep in a cradle placed upon two chairs outside the little circle of women round the table — one of whom was Jervis, Lady Mary's maid. Jervis sat and worked and cried, and mixed her words with little sobs. "I never thought as I should have had to take another place," she said. "Brown and me, we made sure of a little something to start upon. He's been here for twenty years, and so have you, Mrs. Prentiss; and me, as nobody can say I wasn't faithful night and day."

"I never had that confidence in my lady to expect anything," Prentiss said.

"Oh, mother, don't say that: many and many a day you've said, when my lady dies —"

"And we've all said it," said Jervis. "I can't think how she did it, nor why she did it; for she was a kind lady, though appearances is against her."

"She was one of them, and I've known a many, as could not abide to see a gloomy face," said the housekeeper. "She kept us all comfortable for the sake of being comfortable herself, but no more."

"Oh, you are hard upon my lady!" cried Jervis, "and I can't bear to hear a word against her, though it's been an awful disappointment to me."

"What's you or me, or any one," cried Mrs. Prentiss, "in comparison of that poor little thing that can't work for her living like we can; that is left on the charity of folks she don't belong to? I'd have forgiven my lady anything if she'd done what was right by Miss Mary. You'll get a place, and a good place; and me, they'll leave me here when the new folks come as have taken the house. But what will become of her, the darling? and not a penny, nor a friend, nor one to look to her? Oh, you selfish old woman! oh, you heart of stone! I just hope you are feeling it where you're gone," the housekeeper cried.

But as she said this, the woman did not know who was looking at her with wide, wistful eyes, holding out her hands in appeal, receiving every word as if it had been a blow. Though she knew it was useless, Lady Mary could not help it. She cried out to them, "Have pity upon me! have pity upon me! I am not cruel, as you think," with a keen anguish in her voice, which seemed to be sharp enough to pierce the very air and go up the skies. And so, perhaps, it did; but never touched the human atmosphere in which she stood a stranger. Jervis was threading her needle when her mistress uttered that cry, but her hand did not tremble, nor did the thread deflect a hair's-breadth from the straight line. The young mother alone seemed to be moved by some faint disturbance. "Hush!" she said; "is he waking?" looking towards the cradle. But as the baby made no further sound, she too returned to her sewing; and they sat bending their heads over their work round the table, and continued their talk. The room was very comfortable, bright, and warm, as Lady Mary had liked all her rooms to be. The warm firelight danced upon the walls; the women talked in cheerful tones. She stood outside their circle, and looked at them with a wistful face. Their notice would have been more sweet to her as she stood in that great

humiliation, than in other times the look of a queen.

"But what is the matter with baby?" the mother said, rising hastily.

It was with no servile intention of securing a look from that little prince of life that she who was not of this world had stepped aside forlorn, and looked at him in his cradle. Though she was not of this world, she was still a woman, and had nursed her children in her arms. She bent over the infant by the soft impulse of nature, tenderly, with no interested thought. But the child saw her; was it possible? He turned his head towards her, and flickered his baby hands, and cooed with that indescribable voice that goes to every woman's heart. Lady Mary felt such a thrill of pleasure go through her, as no incident had given her for long years. She put out her arms to him as the mother snatched him from his little bed; and he, which was more wonderful, stretched towards her in his innocence, turning away from them all.

"He wants to go to some one," cried the mother. "Oh look, look, for God's sake! who is there that the child sees?"

"There's no one there — not a soul. Now dearie, dearie, be reasonable. You can see for yourself there's not a creature," said the grandmother.

"Oh, my baby, my baby! He sees something we can't see," the young woman cried. "Something has happened to his father, or he's going to be taken from me!" she said, holding the child to her in a sudden passion. The other women rushed to her to console her — the mother with reason and Jervis with poetry. "It's the angels whispering, like the song says." Oh the pang that was in the heart of the other whom they could not hear! She stood wondering how it could be — wondering with an amazement beyond words, how all that was in her heart, the love and the pain, and the sweetness and bitterness, could all be hidden — all hidden by that air in which the women stood so clear! She held out her hands, she spoke to them, telling who she was, but no one paid any attention; only the little dog Fido, who had been basking by the fire, sprang up, looked at her, and, retreating slowly backwards till he reached the wall, sat down there and looked at her again, with now and then a little bark of inquiry. The dog saw her. This gave her a curious pang of humiliation, yet pleasure. She went away out of that little centre of human life in a great excitement and thrill of her whole being. The child had seen



her and the dog; but, oh heavens! how was she to work out her purpose by such auxiliaries as these?

She went up to her old bedchamber with unshed tears heavy about her eyes, and a pathetic smile quivering on her mouth. It touched her beyond measure that the child should have that confidence in her. "Then God is still with me," she said to herself. Her room, which had been so warm and bright, lay desolate in the stillness of the night; but she wanted no light, for the darkness was no darkness to her. She looked round her for a little, wondering to think how far away from her now was this scene of her old life, but feeling no pain in the sight of it—only a kind indulgence for the foolish simplicity which had taken so much pride in all these infantile elements of living. She went to the little Italian cabinet which stood against the wall, feeling now at least that she could do as she would,—that here there was no blank of human unconsciousness to stand in her way. But she was met by something that baffled and vexed her once more. She felt the polished surface of the wood under her hand, and saw all the pretty ornamentation, the inlaid work, the delicate carvings, which she knew so well. They swam in her eyes a little, as if they were part of some phantasmagoria about her, existing only in her vision. Yet the smooth surface resisted her touch; and when she withdrew a step from it, it stood before her solidly and square, as it had stood always, a glory to the place. She put forth her hands upon it, and could have traced the waving lines of the exquisite work, in which some artist soul had worked itself out in the old times; but though she thus saw it and felt, she could not with all her endeavors find the handle of the drawer, the richly wrought knob of ivory, the little door that opened into the secret place. How long she stood by it, attempting again and again to find what was as familiar to her as her own hand, what was before her, visible in every line, what she felt with fingers which began to tremble, she could not tell. Time did not count with her as with common men. She did not grow weary, or require refreshment or rest like those who were still of this world. But at length her head grew giddy and her heart failed. A cold despair took possession of her soul. She could do nothing then—nothing; neither by help of man, neither by use of her own faculties, which were greater and clearer than ever before. She sank down upon the floor at the foot of

that old toy, which had pleased her in the softness of her old age, to which she had trusted the fortunes of another; by which, in wantonness and folly, she had sinned, she had sinned! And she thought she saw standing round her companions in the land she had left, saying, "It is impossible, impossible!" with infinite pity in their eyes; and the face of him who had given her permission to come, yet who had said no word to her to encourage her in what was against nature. And there came into her heart a longing to fly, to get home, to be back in the land where her fellows were, and her appointed place. A child lost, how pitiful that is! without power to reason and divine how help will come; but a soul lost, outside of one method of existence, withdrawn from the other, knowing no way to retrace its steps, nor how help can come! There had been no bitterness in the passing from earth to the land where she had gone; but now there came upon her soul, in all the power of her new faculties, the bitterness of death. The place which was hers she had forsaken and left, and the place that had been hers knew her no more.

#### VII.

MARY, when she left her kind friend in the vicarage, went out and took a long walk. She had received a shock so great that it took all sensation from her, and threw her into the seething and surging of an excitement altogether beyond her control. She could not think until she had got familiar with the idea, which indeed had been vaguely shaping itself in her mind ever since she had emerged from the first profound gloom and prostration of the shadow of death. She had never definitely thought of her position before—never even asked herself what was to become of her when Lady Mary died. She did not see any more than Lady Mary did, why she should ever die; and girls who have never wanted anything in their lives, who have had no sharp experience to enlighten them, are slow to think upon such subjects. She had not expected anything; her mind had not formed any idea of inheritance; and it had not surprised her to hear of the earl, who was Lady Mary's natural heir; nor to feel herself separated from the house in which all her previous life had been passed. But there had been gradually dawning upon her a sense that she had come to a crisis in her life, and that she must soon be told what was to become of her. It



was not so urgent as that she should ask any questions; but it began to appear very clearly in her mind that things were not to be with her as they had been. She had heard the complaints and astonishment of the servants, to whom Lady Mary had left nothing, with resentment. Jervis who could not marry and take her lodging-house, but must wait until she had saved more money, and wept to think, after all her devotion, of having to take another place; and Mrs. Prentiss, the housekeeper, who was cynical, and expounded Lady Mary's kindness to her servants to be the issue of a refined selfishness; and Brown, who had sworn subdued oaths, and had taken the liberty of representing himself to Mary as "in the same box" with herself. Mary had been angry, very angry at all this; and she had not by word or look given any one to understand that she felt herself "in the same box." But yet she had been vaguely anxious, curious, desiring to know. And she had not even begun to think what she should do. That seemed a sort of affront to her god-mother's memory, at all events, until some one had made it clear to her. But now, in a moment, with her first consciousness of the importance of this matter in the sight of others, a consciousness of what it was to herself, came into her mind. A change of everything—a new life—a new world; and not only so, but a severance from the old world,—a giving up of everything that had been most near and pleasant to her.

These thoughts were driven through her mind like the snowflakes in a storm. The year had slid on since Lady Mary's death. Winter was beginning to yield to spring; the snow was over and the great cold. And other changes had taken place. The great house had been let, and the family who had taken it had been about a week in possession. Their coming had inflicted a wound upon Mary's heart; but everybody had urged upon her the idea that it was much better the house should be let for a time "till everything was settled." When all was settled things would be different. Mrs. Vicar did not say, "You can then do what you please," but she did convey to Mary's mind somehow a sort of inference that she would have something to do it with. And when Mary had protested, "It shall never be let again with my will," the kind woman had said tremulously, "Well, my dear!" and had changed the subject. All these things now came to Mary's mind. They had been afraid to tell her; they had

thought it would be so much to her—so important, such a crushing blow. To have nothing—to be destitute; to be written about by Mr. Furnival to the earl; to have her case represented—Mary felt herself stung by such unendurable suggestions into an energy—a determination—of which her soft young life had known nothing. No one should write about her, or ask charity for her, she said to herself. She had gone through the woods and round the park, which was not large, and now she could not leave those beloved precincts without going to look at the house. Up to this time she had not had the courage to go near the house; but to the commotion and fever of her mind every violent sensation was congenial, and she went up the avenue now almost gladly, with a little demonstration to herself of energy and courage. Why not that as well as all the rest?

It was once more twilight, and the dimness favored her design. She wanted to go there unseen, to look up at the windows with their alien lights, and to think of the time when Lady Mary sat behind the curtains, and there was nothing but tenderness and peace throughout the house. There was a light in every window along the entire front, a lavishness of firelight and lamplight which told of a household in which there were many inhabitants. Mary's mind was so deeply absorbed, and perhaps her eyes so dim with tears that she could scarcely see what was before her, when the door opened suddenly and a lady came out. "I will go myself," she said in an agitated tone to some one behind her. "Don't get yourself laughed at," said a voice from within. The sound of the voices roused the young spectator. She looked with a little curiosity, mixed with anxiety, at the lady who had come out of the house, and who started, too, with a gesture of alarm, when she saw Mary move in the dark. "Who are you?" she cried out in a trembling voice, "and what do you want here?"

Then Mary made a step or two forward and said, "I must ask your pardon if I am trespassing. I did not know there was any objection—" This stranger to make an objection! It brought something like a tremulous laugh to Mary's lips.

"Oh, there is no objection," said the lady, "only we have been a little put out. I see now: you are the young lady who—you are the young lady that—you are the one that—suffered most."

"I am Lady Mary's goddaughter," said

the girl. "I have lived here all my life."

"Oh, my dear, I have heard all about you," the lady cried. The people who had taken the house were merely rich people; they had no other characteristic; and in the vicarage, as well as in the other houses about, it was said when they were spoken of, that it was a good thing they were not people to be visited, since nobody could have had the heart to visit strangers in Lady Mary's house. And Mary could not but feel a keen resentment to think that her story, such as it was, the story which she had only now heard in her own person, should be discussed by such people. But the speaker had a look of kindness, and, so far as could be seen, of perplexity and fretted anxiety in her face, and had been in a hurry, but stopped herself in order to show her interest. "I wonder," she said impulsively, "that you can come here and look at the place again after all that has passed."

"I never thought," said Mary, "that there could be—any objection."

"Oh, how can you think I mean that? how can you pretend to think so?" cried the other impatiently. "But after you have been treated so heartlessly, so unkindly,—and left, poor thing! they tell me, without a penny, without any provision—"

"I don't know you," cried Mary, breathless with quick-rising passion. "I don't know what right you can have to meddle with my affairs."

The lady stared at her for a moment without speaking, and then she said, all at once, "That is quite true—but it is rude as well; for though I have no right to meddle with your affairs, I did it in kindness, because I took an interest in you from all I have heard."

Mary was very accessible to such a reproach and argument. Her face flushed with a sense of her own churlishness. "I beg your pardon," she said; "I am sure you mean to be kind."

"Well," said the stranger, "that is perhaps going too far on the other side, for you can't even see my face to know what I mean. But I do mean to be kind, and I am very sorry for you. And though I think you've been treated abominably, all the same I like you better for not allowing any one to say so. And now, do you know where I was going? I was going to the vicarage,—where you are living, I believe,—to see if the vicar, or his wife, or you, or all of you together, could do a thing for me."

"Oh, I am sure Mrs. Bowyer——" said Mary, with a voice much less assured than her words.

"You must not be too sure, my dear. I know she doesn't mean to call upon me, because my husband is a City man. That is just as she pleases. I am not very fond of City men myself. But there's no reason why I should stand on ceremony when I want something, is there? Now, my dear, I want to know—Don't laugh at me. I am not superstitious, so far as I am aware; but—Tell me, in your time was there ever any disturbance, any appearances you couldn't understand, any—Well, I don't like the word ghosts. It's disrespectful, if there's anything of the sort; and it's vulgar if there isn't. But you know what I mean. Was there anything—of that sort—in your time?"

In your time! Poor Mary had scarcely realized yet that her time was over. Her heart refused to allow it when it was thus so abruptly brought before her; but she obliged herself to subdue these rising rebellions, and to answer, though with some *honte*. "There is nothing of the kind that I ever heard of. There is no superstition or ghost in our house."

She thought it was the vulgar desire of new people to find a conventional mystery, and it seemed to Mary that this was a desecration of her home. Mrs. Turner, however (for that was her name), did not receive the intimation as the girl expected, but looked at her very gravely, and said, "That makes it a great deal more serious," as if to herself. She paused, and then added, "You see the case is this. I have a little girl who is our youngest, who is just my husband's idol. She is a sweet little thing, though perhaps I should not say it. Are you fond of children? Then I almost feel sure you would think so too. Not a moping child at all, or too clever, or anything to alarm one. Well, you know, little Connie, since ever we came in, has seen an old lady walking about the house——"

"An old lady!" said Mary, with an involuntary smile.

"Oh yes. I laughed too, the first time. I said it would be old Mrs. Prentiss, or perhaps the charwoman, or some old lady from the village that had been in the habit of coming in the former people's time. But the child got very angry. She said it was a real lady. She would not allow me to speak. Then we thought perhaps it was some one who did not know the house was let, and had walked

in to look at it; but nobody would go on coming like that with all the signs of a large family in the house. And now the doctor says the child must be low, that the place perhaps doesn't agree with her, and that we must send her away. Now, I ask you, how could I send little Connie away, the apple of her father's eye? I should have to go with her, of course, and how could the house get on without me? Naturally we are very anxious. And this afternoon she has seen her again, and sits there crying because she says the dear old lady looks so sad. I just seized my hat, and walked out, to come to you and your friends at the vicarage to see if you could help me. Mrs. Bowyer may look down upon a City person—I don't mind that; but she is a mother, and surely she would feel for a mother," cried the poor lady vehemently, putting up her hands to her wet eyes.

"Oh indeed, indeed she would! I am sure now that she will call directly. We did not know what a——" Mary stopped herself in saying, "what a nice woman you are," which she thought would be rude, though poor Mrs. Turner would have liked it. But then she shook her head and added, "What could any of us do to help you? I have never heard of any old lady. There never was anything—— I know all about the house, everything that has ever happened, and Prentiss will tell you. There is nothing of that kind——indeed, there is nothing. You must have——" But here Mary stopped again; for to suggest that a new family, a City family, should have brought an apparition of their own with them, was too ridiculous an idea to be entertained.

"Miss Vivian," said Mrs. Turner, "will you come back with me and speak to the child?"

At this Mary faltered a little. "I have never been there——since the——funeral," she said.

The good woman laid a kind hand upon her shoulder, caressing and soothing. "You were very fond of her——in spite of the way she has used you?"

"Oh, how dare you, or any one, to speak of her so? She used me as if I had been her dearest child. She was more kind to me than a mother. There is no one in the world like her!" Mary cried.

"And yet she left you without a penny. Oh, you must be a good girl to feel for her like that. She left you without——What are you going to do, my dear? I feel like a friend. I feel like a mother to

you, though you don't know me. You mustn't think it is only curiosity. You can't stay with your friends forever,——and what are you going to do?"

There are some cases in which it is more easy to speak to a stranger than to one's dearest and oldest friend. Mary had felt this when she rushed out, not knowing how to tell the vicar's wife that she must leave her, and find some independence for herself. It was, however, strange to rush into such a discussion with so little warning, and Mary's pride was very sensitive. She said, "I am not going to burden my friends," with a little indignation; but then she remembered how forlorn she was, and her voice softened. "I must do something——but I don't know what I am good for," she said, trembling, and on the verge of tears.

"My dear, I have heard a great deal about you," said the stranger; "it is not rash, though it may look so. Come back with me directly, and see Connie. She is a very interesting little thing, though I say it——it is wonderful sometimes to hear her talk. You shall be her governess, my dear. Oh, you need not teach her anything——that is not what I mean. I think, I am sure, you will be the saving of her, Miss Vivian; and such a lady as you are, it will be everything for the other girls to live with you. Don't stop to think, but just come with me. You shall have whatever you please, and always be treated like a lady. Oh, my dear, consider my feelings as a mother, and come; oh, come to Connie! I know you will save her; it is an inspiration. Come back! Come back with me!"

It seemed to Mary too like an inspiration. What it cost her to cross that threshold and walk in, a stranger, to the house which had been all her life as her own, she never said to any one. But it was independence; it was deliverance from entreaties and remonstrances without end. It was a kind of setting right, so far as could be, of the balance which had got so terribly wrong. No writing to the earl now; no appeal to friends,——anything in all the world, much more honest service and kindness, must be better than that.

#### VIII.

"TELL the young lady all about it, Connie," said her mother.

But Connie was very reluctant to tell. She was very shy, and clung to her mother, and hid her face in her ample dress; and though presently she was beguiled by

Mary's voice, and in a short time came to her side, and clung to her as she had clung to Mrs. Turner, she still kept her secret to herself. They were all very kind to Mary, the elder girls standing round in a respectful circle looking at her, while their mother exhorted them to "take a pattern" by Miss Vivian. The novelty, the awe which she inspired, the real kindness about her, ended by overcoming in Mary's young mind the first miserable impression of such a return to her home. It gave her a kind of pleasure to write to Mrs. Bowyer that she had found employment, and had thought it better to accept it at once. "Don't be angry with me: and I think you will understand me," she said. And then she gave herself up to the strange new scene.

The "ways" of the large, simple-minded family, homely yet kindly, so transformed Lady Mary's graceful old rooms that they no longer looked the same place. And when Mary sat down with them at the big, heavy-laden table, surrounded with the hum of so large a party, it was impossible for her to believe that everything was not new about her. In no way could the saddening recollections of a home from which the chief figure had disappeared have been more completely broken up. Afterwards Mrs. Turner took her aside, and begged to know which was Mary's old room, "for I should like to put you there, as if nothing had happened." "Oh, do not put me there!" Mary cried, "so much has happened." But this seemed a refinement to the kind woman, which it was far better for her young guest not to "yield" to. The room Mary had occupied had been next to her godmother's, with a door between, and when it turned out that Connie, with an elder sister, was in Lady Mary's room, everything seemed perfectly arranged in Mrs. Turner's eyes. She thought it was providential, with a simple belief in Mary's powers that in other circumstances would have been amusing. But there was no amusement in Mary's mind when she took possession of the old room "as if nothing had happened." She sat by the fire for half the night, in an agony of silent recollection and thought, going over the last days of her godmother's life, calling up everything before her, and realizing, as she had never realized till now, the lonely career on which she was setting out, the subjection to the will and convenience of strangers in which henceforth her life must be passed. This was a kind woman who had opened her doors to the destitute girl;

but notwithstanding, however great the torture to Mary, there was no escaping this room, which was haunted by the saddest recollections of her life. Of such things she must no longer complain — nay, she must think of nothing but thanking the mistress of the house for her thoughtfulness, for the wish to be kind which so often exceeds the performance.

The room was warm and well lighted; the night was very calm and sweet outside. Nothing had been touched or changed of all her little decorations, the ornaments which had been so delightful to her girlhood. A large photograph of Lady Mary held the chief place over the mantelpiece, representing her in the fulness of her beauty, — a photograph which had been taken from the picture painted ages ago by a Royal Academician. It was fortunately so little like Lady Mary in her old age that, save as a thing which had always hung there, and belonged to her happier life, it did not affect the girl; but no picture was necessary to bring before her the well-remembered figure. She could not realize that the little movements she heard on the other side of the door were any other than those of her mistress, her friend, her mother, for all these names Mary lavished upon her in the fulness of her heart. The blame that was being cast upon Lady Mary from all sides made this child of her bounty but more deeply her partisan, more warm in her adoration. She would not, for all the inheritances of the world, have acknowledged even to herself that Lady Mary was in fault. Mary felt that she would rather a thousand times be poor and have to gain her daily bread, than that she who had nourished and cherished her should have been forced in her cheerful old age to think, before she chose to do so, of parting and farewell and the inevitable end.

She thought, like every young creature in strange and painful circumstances, that she would be unable to sleep, and did indeed lie awake and weep for an hour or more, thinking of all the changes that had happened; but sleep overtook her before she knew, while her mind was still full of these thoughts; and her dreams were endless, confused, full of misery and longing. She dreamed a dozen times over that she heard Lady Mary's soft call through the open door — which was not open, but shut closely and locked by the sisters who now inhabited the next room; and once she dreamed that Lady Mary came to her bedside and stood there looking at her earnestly with the tears flowing from her

eyes. Mary struggled in her sleep to tell her benefactress how she loved her, and approved of all she had done, and wanted nothing — but felt herself bound as by a nightmare, so that she could not move or speak, or even put out a hand to dry those tears which it was intolerable to her to see; and woke with the struggle, and the miserable sensation of seeing her dearest friend weep and being unable to comfort her. The moon was shining into the room, throwing part of it into a cold, full light, while blackness lay in all the corners. The impression of her dream was so strong that Mary's eyes turned instantly to the spot where in her dream her godmother had stood. To be sure there was nobody there; but as her consciousness returned, and with it the sweep of painful recollection, the sense of change, the miserable contrast between the present and the past, sleep fled from her eyes. She fell into the vividly awake condition which is the alternative of broken sleep, and gradually, as she lay, there came upon her that mysterious sense of another presence in the room, which is so subtle and indescribable. She neither saw anything nor heard anything, and yet she felt that some one was there.

She lay still for some time and held her breath, listening for a movement, even for the sound of breathing, scarcely alarmed, yet sure that she was not alone. After a while she raised herself on her pillow, and in a low voice asked, "Who is there? is any one there?" There was no reply, no sound of any description, and yet the conviction grew upon her. Her heart began to beat, and the blood to mount to her head. Her own being made so much sound, so much commotion, that it seemed to her she could not hear anything save those beatings and pulsings. Yet she was not afraid. After a time, however, the oppression became more than she could bear. She got up and lit her candle, and searched through the familiar room: but she found no trace that any one had been there. The furniture was all in its usual order. There was no hiding-place where any human thing could find refuge. When she had satisfied herself, and was about to return to bed, suppressing a sensation which must, she said to herself, be altogether fantastic, she was startled by a low knocking at the door of communication. Then she heard the voice of the elder girl. "Oh, Miss Vivian — what is it? Have you seen anything?" A new sense of anger, disdain, humiliation, swept through Mary's mind. And if she had

seen anything, she said to herself, what was that to those strangers? She replied, "No, nothing; what should I see?" in a tone which was almost haughty in spite of herself.

"I thought it might be — the ghost. Oh, please don't be angry. I thought I heard this door open, but it is locked. Oh! perhaps it is very silly, but I am so frightened, Miss Vivian."

"Go back to bed," said Mary; "there is no — ghost. I am going to sit up and write some — letters. You will see my light under the door."

"Oh, thank you," cried the girl.

Mary remembered what a consolation and strength in all wakefulness had been the glimmer of the light under her godmother's door. She smiled to think that she herself, so desolate as she was, was able to afford this innocent comfort to another girl, and then sat down and wept quietly, feeling her solitude and the chill about her, and the dark and the silence. The moon had gone behind a cloud. There seemed no light but her small, miserable candle in earth and heaven. And yet that poor little speck of light kept up the heart of another — which made her smile again in the middle of her tears. And by-and-by the commotion in her head and heart calmed down, and she too fell asleep.

Next day she heard all the floating legends that were beginning to rise in the house. They all arose from Connie's questions about the old lady whom she had seen going up-stairs before her, the first evening after the new family's arrival. It was in the presence of the doctor — who had come to see the child, and whose surprise at finding Mary there was almost ludicrous — that she heard the story, though much against his will.

"There can be no need for troubling Miss Vivian about it," he said, in a tone which was almost rude. But Mrs. Turner was not sensitive.

"When Miss Vivian has just come, like a dear, to help us with Connie!" the good woman cried. "Of course she must hear it, doctor; for otherwise, how could she know what to do?"

"Is it true that you have come here — here? to help — Good heavens, Miss Mary, here?"

"Why not here?" Mary said, smiling as best she could. "I am Connie's governess, doctor."

He burst out into that suppressed roar which serves a man instead of tears, and jumped up from his seat, clenching his



fist. The clenched fist was to the intention of the dead woman whose fault this was; and if it had ever entered the doctor's mind, as his mother supposed, to marry this forlorn child, and thus bestow a home upon her whether she would or no, no doubt he would now have attempted to carry out that plan. But as no such thing had occurred to him, the doctor only showed his sense of the intolerable by look and gesture. "I must speak to the vicar. I must see Furnival. It can't be permitted," he cried.

"Do you think I shall not be kind to her, doctor?" cried Mrs. Turner. "Oh, ask her! She is one that understands. She knows far better than that. We're not fine people, doctor, but we're kind people. I can say that for myself. There is nobody in this house but will be good to her, and admire her, and take an example by her. To have a real lady with the girls, that is what I would give anything for; and as she wants taking care of, poor dear, and petting, and an 'ome——"

Mary, who would not hear any more, got up hastily, and took the hand of her new protectress, and kissed her, partly out of gratitude and kindness, partly to stop her mouth, and prevent the saying of something which it might have been still more difficult to support. "You are a real lady yourself, dear Mrs. Turner," she cried. (And this notwithstanding the one deficient letter: but many people who are much more dignified than Mrs. Turner—people who behave themselves very well in every other respect—say "ome.")

"Oh, my dear, I don't make any pretensions," the good woman cried, but with a little shock of pleasure which brought the tears to her eyes.

And then the story was told. Connie had seen the lady walk up-stairs, and had thought no harm. The child supposed it was some one belonging to the house. She had gone into the room which was now Connie's room, but as that had a second door, there was no suspicion caused by the fact that she was not found there a little time after, when the child told her mother what she had seen. After this Connie had seen the same lady several times, and once had met her face to face. The child declared that she was not at all afraid. She was a pretty old lady, with white hair and dark eyes. She looked a little sad, but smiled when Connie stopped and stared at her—not angry at all, but rather pleased—and looked for a moment as if she would speak. That was all. Not a word about a ghost was said in

Connie's hearing. She had already told it all to the doctor, and he had pretended to consider which of the old ladies in the neighborhood this could be. In Mary's mind, occupied as it was by so many important matters, there had been up to this time no great question about Connie's apparition: now she began to listen closely, not so much from real interest as from a perception that the doctor, who was her friend, did not want her to hear. This naturally aroused her attention at once. She listened to the child's description with growing eagerness, all the more because the doctor opposed.

"Now that will do, Miss Connie," he said; "it is one of the old Miss Murchisons, who are always so fond of finding out about their neighbors. I have no doubt at all on that subject. She wants to find you out in your pet naughtiness, whatever it is, and tell me."

"I am sure it is not for that," cried Connie. "Oh, how can you be so disagreeable? I know she is not a lady who would tell. Besides, she is not thinking at all about me. She was either looking for something she had lost, or—oh, I don't know what it was!—and when she saw me she just smiled. She is not dressed like any of the people here. She had got no cloak on, or bonnet, or anything that is common, but a beautiful white shawl and a long dress, and it gives a little sweep when she walks—oh no! not like your rustling, mamma; but all soft, like water—and it looks like lace upon her head, tied here," said Connie, putting her hands to her chin, "in such a pretty, large, soft knot."

Mary had gradually risen as this description went on, starting a little at first, looking up, getting upon her feet. The color went altogether out of her face—her eyes grew to twice their natural size. The doctor put out his hand without looking at her, and laid it on her arm with a strong, emphatic pressure. "Just like some one you have seen a picture of," he said.

"Oh no. I never saw a picture that was so pretty," said the child.

"Doctor, why do you ask her any more? don't you see, don't you see, the child has seen——"

"Miss Mary, for God's sake, hold your tongue; it is folly, you know. Now, my little girl, tell me. I know this old lady is the very image of that pretty old lady with the toys for good children, who was in the last Christmas number?"

"Oh!" said Connie, pausing a little.



"Yes, I remember; it was a very pretty picture — mamma put it up in the nursery. No, she is not like that, not at all, much prettier; and then *my* lady is sorry about something — except when she smiles at me. She has her hair put up like this, and this," the child went on, twisting her own bright locks.

"Doctor! I can't bear any more."

"My dear! you are mistaken, it is all a delusion. She has seen a picture. I think now, Mrs. Turner, that my little patient had better run away and play. Take a good run through the woods, Miss Connie, with your brother, and I will send you some physic which will not be at all nasty, and we shall hear no more of your old lady. My dear Miss Vivian, if you will but hear reason! I have known such cases a hundred times. The child has seen a picture, and it has taken possession of her imagination. She is a little below par, and she has a lively imagination: and she has learned something from Prentiss, though probably she does not remember that. And there it is! a few doses of quinine, and she will see visions no more."

"Doctor," cried Mary, "how can you speak so to me? You dare not look me in the face. You know you dare not: as if you did not know as well as I do! Oh, why does that child see her, and not me?"

"There it is," he said, with a broken laugh; "could anything show better that it is a mere delusion? Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should this stranger child see her, if it was anything, and not you?"

Mrs. Turner looked from one to another with wondering eyes. "You know what it is," she said. "Oh, you know who it is? Doctor, doctor, is it because my Connie is so delicate? is it a warning? is it —"

"Oh, for heaven's sake! you will drive me mad, you ladies. Is it this, and is it that? It is nothing, I tell you. The child is out of sorts, and she has seen some picture that has caught her fancy — and she thinks she sees — I'll send her a bottle," he cried, jumping up; "that will put an end to all that."

"Doctor, don't go away: tell me rather what I must do — if she is looking for something! Oh, doctor, think if she were unhappy, if she were kept out of her sweet rest!"

"Miss Mary! for God's sake, be reasonable. You ought never to have heard a word."

"Doctor, think! if it should be any-

thing we can do. Oh, tell me, tell me! don't go away and leave me: perhaps we can find out what it is."

"I will have nothing to do with your findings out. It is mere delusion. Put them both to bed, Mrs. Turner — put them all to bed! As if there was not trouble enough!"

"What is it?" cried Connie's mother; "is it a warning? Oh, for the love of God, tell me, is that what comes before a death?"

When they were all in this state of agitation, the vicar and his wife were suddenly shown into the room. Mrs. Bowyer's eyes flew to Mary, but she was too well-bred a woman not to pay her respects first to the lady of the house, and there were a number of politenesses exchanged, very breathlessly on Mrs. Turner's part, before the newcomers were free to show the real occasion of their visit. "Oh, Mary, what did you mean by taking such a step all in a moment? How could you come here of all places in the world? and how could you leave me without a word?" the vicar's wife said, with her lips against Mary's cheek. She had already perceived, without dwelling upon it, the excitement in which all the party were. This was said while the vicar was still making his bow to his new parishioner — who knew very well that her visitors had not intended to call; for the Turners were Dissenters, to crown all their misdemeanors, besides being City people and *nouveaux riches*.

"Don't ask me any questions just now," said Mary, clasping almost hysterically her friend's hand. "It was providential. Come and hear what the child has seen." Mrs. Turner, though she was so anxious, was too polite not to make a fuss about getting chairs for all her visitors. She postponed her own trouble to this necessity, and trembling, sought the most comfortable seat for Mrs. Bowyer, the largest and most imposing for the vicar himself. When she had established them in a little circle, and done her best to draw Mary too into a chair, she sat down quietly, her mind divided between the cares of courtesy and the alarms of an anxious mother. Mary stood at the table and waited till the commotion was over. The newcomers thought she was going to explain her conduct in leaving them; and Mrs. Bowyer, at least, who was critical in point of manners, shivered a little, wondering if perhaps (though she could not find it in her heart to blame Mary) her proceedings were in perfect taste.

"The little girl," Mary said, beginning abruptly. She had been standing by the table, her lips apart, her countenance utterly pale, her mind evidently too much absorbed to notice anything. "The little girl — has seen several times a lady going up-stairs. Once she met her and saw her face, and the lady smiled at her; but her face was sorrowful, and the child thought she was looking for something. The lady was old, with white hair done up upon her forehead, and lace upon her head. She was dressed" — here Mary's voice began to be interrupted from time to time by a brief sob — "in a long dress that made a soft sound when she walked, and a white shawl, and the lace tied under her chin in a large, soft knot —"

"Mary, Mary!" Mrs Bowyer had risen, and stood behind the girl, in whose slender throat the climbing sorrow was almost visible, supporting her, trying to stop her. "Mary, Mary!" she cried; "oh, my darling, what are you thinking of? Francis! doctor! make her stop, make her stop —"

"Why should she stop?" said Mrs. Turner, rising, too, in her agitation. "Oh, is it a warning, is it a warning? for my child has seen it — Connie has seen it."

"Listen to me, all of you," said Mary, with an effort. "You all know — who that is. And she has seen her — the little girl —"

Now the others looked at each other, exchanging a startled look.

"My dear people," cried the doctor, "the case is not the least unusual. No, no, Mrs. Turner, it is no warning — it is nothing of the sort. Look here, Bowyer; you'll believe me. The child is very nervous and sensitive. She has evidently seen a picture somewhere of our dear old friend. She has heard the story somehow — oh, perhaps in some garbled version from Prentiss, or — of course they've all been talking of it. And the child is one of those creatures with its nerves all on the surface — and a little below par in health, in need of iron and quinine, and all that sort of thing. I've seen a hundred such cases," cried the doctor — "a thousand such; but now, of course, we'll have a fine story made of it, now that it's come into the ladies' hands."

He was much excited with this long speech; but it cannot be said that any one paid much attention to him. Mrs. Bowyer was holding Mary in her arms, uttering little cries and sobs over her, and looking anxiously at her husband. The

vicar sat down suddenly in his chair, with the air of a man who has judgment to deliver without the least idea what to say; while Mary, freeing herself unconsciously from her friend's restraining embrace, stood facing them all with a sort of trembling defiance: and Mrs. Turner kept on explaining nervously that — "no, no, her Connie was not excitable, was not oversensitive, never had known what a delusion was."

"This is very strange," the vicar said.

"Oh, Mr. Bowyer," cried Mary, "tell me what I am to do! — think if she cannot rest, if she is not happy, she that was so good to everybody, that never could bear to see any one in trouble. Oh, tell me, tell me what I am to do! It is you that have disturbed her with all you have been saying. Oh, what can I do, what can I do to give her rest?"

"My dear Mary! My dear Mary!" they all cried in different tones of consternation; and for a few minutes no one could speak. Mrs. Bowyer, as was natural, said something, being unable to endure the silence; but neither she nor any of the others knew what it was she said. When it was evident that the vicar must speak, all were silent, waiting for him; and though it had now become imperative that something in the shape of a judgment must be delivered, yet he was as far as ever from knowing what to say.

"Mary," he said, with a little tremulousness of voice, "it is quite natural that you should ask me; but, my dear, I am not at all prepared to answer. I think you know that the doctor, who ought to know best about such matters —"

"Nay, not I. I only know about the physical; the other — if there is another — that's your concern."

"Who ought to know best," repeated Mr. Bowyer; "for everybody will tell you, my dear, that the mind is so dependent upon the body. I suppose he must be right. I suppose it is just the imagination of a nervous child working upon the data which has been given — the picture; and then, as you justly remind me, all we have been saying —"

"How could the child know what we have been saying, Francis?"

"Connie has heard nothing that any one has been saying; and there is no picture."

"My dear lady, you hear what the doctor says. If there is no picture, and she has heard nothing, I suppose, then, your premises are gone, and the conclusion falls to the ground."

"What does it matter about premises?" cried the vicar's wife; "here is something dreadful that has happened. Oh, what nonsense that is about imagination; children have no imagination. A dreadful thing has happened. In heaven's name, Francis, tell this poor child what she is to do."

"My dear," said the vicar again, "you are asking me to believe in purgatory, — nothing less. You are asking me to contradict the Church's teaching. Mary, you must compose yourself. You must wait till this excitement has passed away."

"I can see by her eyes she did not sleep last night," the doctor said, relieved. "We shall have her seeing visions too, if we don't take care."

"And, my dear Mary," said the vicar, "if you will think of it, it is derogatory to the dignity of the — of our dear friends who have passed away. How can we suppose that one of the blessed would come down from heaven, and walk about her own house, which she had just left, and show herself to a — to a — little child who had never seen her before?"

"Impossible," said the doctor. "I told you so — a stranger — that had no connection with her; knew nothing about her —"

"Instead of," said the vicar, with a slight tremor, "making herself known, if that was permitted, to — to me, for example; or our friend here."

"That sounds reasonable, Mary," said Mrs. Bowyer; "don't you think so, my dear? If she had come to one of us, or to yourself, my darling, I should never have wondered, after all that has happened. But to this little child —"

"Whereas there is nothing more likely — more consonant with all the teachings of science — than that the little thing should have this hallucination, of which you ought never to have heard a word. You are the very last person —"

"That is true," said the vicar, "and all the associations of the place must be overwhelming. My dear, we must take her away with us. Mrs. Turner, I am sure, is very kind, but it cannot be good for Mary to be here."

"No, no! I never thought so," said Mrs. Bowyer; "I never intended — Dear Mrs. Turner, we all appreciate your motives. I hope you will let us see much of you, and that we may become very good friends. But, Mary — it is her first grief, don't you know?" said the vicar's wife, with the tears in her eyes; "she has always been so much cared for, so

much thought of all her life, — and then all at once! You will not think that we misunderstand your kind motives; but it is more than she can bear. She made up her mind in a hurry without thinking. You must not be annoyed if we take her away."

Mrs. Turner had been looking from one to another while this dialogue went on. She said now, a little wounded, "I wished only to do what was kind; but perhaps I was thinking most of my own child. Miss Vivian must do what she thinks best."

"You are all kind — too kind," Mary cried; "but no one must say another word, please. Unless Mrs. Turner should send me away, until I know what this all means, it is my place to stay here."

## IX.

It was Lady Mary who had come into the vicarage that afternoon when Mrs. Bowyer supposed some one had called. She wandered about to a great many places in these days, but always returned to the scenes in which her life had been passed, and where alone her work could be done, if it were done at all. She came in and listened while the tale of her own carelessness and heedlessness was told, and stood by while her favorite was taken to another woman's bosom for comfort, and heard everything and saw everything. She was used to it by this time: but to be nothing is hard, even when you are accustomed to it; and though she knew that they would not hear her, what could she do but cry out to them as she stood there unregarded? "Oh, have pity upon me!" Lady Mary said; and the pang in her heart was so great that the very atmosphere was stirred, and the air could scarcely contain her and the passion of her endeavor to make herself known, but thrilled like a harpstring to her cry. Mrs. Bowyer heard the jar and tingle in the inanimate world; but she thought only that it was some charitable visitor who had come in, and gone softly away again at the sound of tears.

And if Lady Mary could not make herself known to the poor cottagers who had loved her, or to the women who wept for her loss while they blamed her, how was she to reveal herself and her secret to the men who, if they had seen her, would have thought her a hallucination? Yes, she tried all, and even went a long journey over land and sea to visit the earl who was her heir, and awake in him an interest in her child. And she lingered

about all these people in the silence of the night, and tried to move them in dreams, since she could not move them waking. It is more easy for one who is no more of this world, to be seen and heard in sleep; for then those who are still in the flesh stand on the borders of the unseen, and see and hear things which, waking, they do not understand. But alas! when they woke, this poor wanderer discovered that her friends remembered no more what she had said to them in their dreams.

Presently, however, when she found Mary re-established in her old home, in her own room, there came to her a new hope. For there is nothing in the world so hard to believe, or to be convinced of, as that no effort, no device, will ever make you known and visible to those you love. Lady Mary being little altered in her character, though so much in her being, still believed that if she could but find the way, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all would be revealed and understood. She went to Mary's room with this new hope strong in her heart. When they were alone together, in that nest of comfort which she had herself made beautiful for her child, — two hearts so full of thought for each other, — what was there in earthly bonds which could prevent them from meeting? She went into the silent room, which was so familiar and dear, and waited like a mother long separated from her child, with a faint doubt trembling on the surface of her mind, yet a quaint, joyful confidence underneath in the force of nature. A few words would be enough, — a moment, and all would be right. And then she pleased herself with fancies of how, when that was done, she would whisper to her darling what has never been told to flesh and blood; and so go home proud, and satisfied, and happy in the accomplishment of all that she had hoped.

Mary came in with her candle in her hand, and closed the door between her and all external things. She looked round wistful with that strange consciousness which she had already experienced that some one was there. The other stood so close to her that the girl could not move without touching her. She held up her hands, imploring, to the child of her love. She called to her, "Mary, Mary!" putting her hands upon her, and gazed into her face with an intensity and anguish of eagerness which might have drawn the stars out of the sky. And a strange tumult was in Mary's bosom. She stood looking blankly round her, like one

who is blind with open eyes, and saw nothing; and strained her ears, like a deaf man, but heard nothing. All was silence, vacancy, an empty world about her. She sat down at her little table, with a heavy sigh. "The child can see her, but she will not come to me," Mary said, and wept.

Then Lady Mary turned away with a heart full of despair. She went quickly from the house, out into the night. The pang of her disappointment was so keen, that she could not endure it. She remembered what had been said to her in the place from whence she came, and how she had been entreated to be patient and wait. Oh, had she but waited and been patient! She sat down upon the ground, a soul forlorn, outside of life, outside of all things, lost in a world which had no place for her. The moon shone, but she made no shadow in it; the rain fell upon her, but did not hurt her; the little night breeze blew without finding any resistance in her. She said to herself, "I have failed. What am I that I should do what they all said was impossible? It was my pride, because I have had my own way all my life. But now I have no way and no place on earth, and what I have to tell them will never, never be known. Oh, my little Mary, a servant in her own house! And a word would make it right! — but never, never can she hear that word. I am wrong to say never; she will know when she is in heaven. She will not live to be old and foolish, like me. She will go up there early, and then she will know. But I, what will become of me? — for I am nothing here, and I cannot go back to my own place."

A little, moaning wind rose up suddenly in the middle of the dark night, and carried a faint wail, like the voice of some one lost, to the windows of the sleeping house. It woke the children, and Mary, who opened her eyes quickly in the dark, wondering if perhaps now the vision might come to her. But the vision had come when she could not see it, and now returned no more.

#### X.

ON the other side, however, visions which had nothing sacred in them began to be heard of, and Connie's ghost, as it was called in the house, had various vulgar effects. A housemaid became hysterical, and announced that she too had seen the lady, of whom she gave a description, exaggerated from Connie's, which all the household were ready to swear she had

never heard. The lady, whom Connie had only seen passing, went to Betsy's room in the middle of the night, and told her, in a hollow and terrible voice, that she could not rest, opening a series of communications by which it was evident all the secrets of the unseen world would soon be disclosed. And following upon this, there came a sort of panic in the house—noises were heard in various places, sounds of footsteps pacing, and of a long robe sweeping about the passages; and Lady Mary's costume, and the head-dress which was so peculiar, which all her friends had recognized in Connie's description, grew into something portentous under the heavier hand of the foot-boy and the kitchen-maid. Mrs. Prentiss, who had remained as a special favor to the new people, was deeply indignant and outraged by this treatment of her mistress. She appealed to Mary with mingled anger and tears.

"I would have sent the hussy away at an hour's notice, if I had the power in my hands," she cried; "but, Miss Mary, it is easily seen who is a real lady and who is not. Mrs. Turner interferes herself in everything, though she likes it to be supposed that she has a housekeeper."

"Dear Prentiss, you must not say Mrs. Turner is not a lady. She has far more delicacy of feeling than many ladies," cried Mary.

"Yes, Miss Mary, dear, I allow that she is very nice to you; but who could help that? and to hear my lady's name—that might have her faults, but who was far above anything of the sort—in every mouth, and her costooome, that they don't know how to describe, and to think that *she* would go and talk to the like of Betsy Barnes about what is on her mind! I think sometimes I shall break my heart, or else throw up my place, Miss Mary," Prentiss said, with tears.

"Oh, don't do that; oh, don't leave me, Prentiss!" Mary said, with an involuntary cry of dismay.

"Not if you mind, not if you mind, dear," the housekeeper cried. And then she drew close to the young lady with an anxious look. "You haven't seen anything?" she said. "That would be only natural, Miss Mary. I could well understand she couldn't rest in her grave—if she came and told it all to you."

"Prentiss, be silent," cried Mary; "that ends everything between you and me if you say such a word. There has been too much said already—oh, far too

much! as if I only loved her for what she was to leave me."

"I did not mean that, dear," said Prentiss; "but——"

"There is no but; and everything she did was right," the girl cried with vehemence. She shed hot and bitter tears over this wrong which all her friends did to Lady Mary's memory. "I am *glad* it was so," she said to herself when she was alone, with youthful extravagance. "I am glad it was so; for now no one can think that I loved her for anything but herself."

The household, however, was agitated by all these rumors and inventions. Alice, Connie's elder sister, declined to sleep any longer in that which began to be called the haunted room. She, too, began to think she saw something, she could not tell what, gliding out of the room as it began to get dark, and to hear sighs and moans in the corridors. The servants, who all wanted to leave, and the villagers, who avoided the grounds after nightfall, spread the rumor far and near that the house was haunted.

# XL.

IN the mean time Connie herself was silent, and said no more of the lady. Her attachment to Mary grew into one of those visionary passions which little girls so often form for young women. She followed her so-called governess wherever she went, hanging upon her arm when she could, holding her dress when no other hold was possible—following her everywhere, like her shadow. The vicarage, jealous and annoyed at first, and all the neighbors indignant too, to see Mary metamorphosed into a dependant of the City family, held out as long as possible against the good-nature of Mrs. Turner, and were revolted by the spectacle of this child claiming poor Mary's attention wherever she moved. But by-and-by all these strong sentiments softened, as was natural. The only real drawback was, that amid all these agitations Mary lost her bloom. She began to droop and grow pale under the observation of the watchful doctor, who had never been otherwise than dissatisfied with the new position of affairs, and betook himself to Mrs. Bowyer for sympathy and information. "Did you ever see a girl so fallen off?" he said. "Fallen off, doctor! I think she is prettier and prettier every day." "Oh," the poor man cried, with a strong breathing of impatience, "you ladies think of noth-



ing but prettiness! was I talking of prettiness? She must have lost a stone since she went back there. It is all very well to laugh," the doctor added, growing red with suppressed anger, "but I can tell you that is the true test. That little Connie Turner is as well as possible; she has handed over her nerves to Mary Vivian. I wonder now if she ever talks to you on that subject."

"Who? little Connie?"

"Of course I mean Miss Vivian, Mrs. Bowyer. Don't you know the village is all in a tremble about the ghost at the great house?"

"Oh yes, I know; and it is very strange. I can't help thinking, doctor —"

"We had better not discuss that subject. Of course I don't put a moment's faith in any such nonsense. But girls are full of fancies. I want you to find out for me whether she has begun to think she sees anything. She looks like it; and if something isn't done she will soon do so, if not now."

"Then you do think there is something to see," said Mrs. Bowyer, clasping her hands; "that has always been my opinion: what so natural —"

"As that Lady Mary, the greatest old aristocrat in the world, should come and make private revelations to Betsy Barnes, the under-housemaid," said the doctor, with a sardonic grin.

"I don't mean that, doctor; but if she could not rest in her grave, poor old lady —"

"You think then, my dear," said the vicar, "that Lady Mary, our old friend, who was as young in her mind as any of us, lies body and soul in that old dark hole of a vault?"

"How you talk, Francis! what can a woman say between you horrid men? I say if she couldn't rest — wherever she is — because of leaving Mary destitute, it would be only natural — and I should think the more of her for it," Mrs. Bowyer cried.

The vicar had a gentle professional laugh over the confusion of his wife's mind. But the doctor took the matter more seriously. "Lady Mary is safely buried and done with. I am not thinking of her," he said; "but I am thinking of Mary Vivian's senses, which will not stand this much longer. Try and find out from her if she sees anything; if she has come to that, whatever she says we must have her out of there."

But Mrs. Bowyer had nothing to report when this conclave of friends met again.

Mary would not allow that she had seen anything. She grew paler every day, her eyes grew larger, but she made no confession. And Connie bloomed and grew, and met no more old ladies upon the stairs.

## XII.

THE days passed on, and no new event occurred in this little history. It came to be summer — balmy and green — and everything around the old house was delightful, and its beautiful rooms became more pleasant than ever in the long days and soft, brief nights. Fears of the earl's return and of the possible end of the Turners' tenancy began to disturb the household, but no one so much as Mary, who felt herself to cling as she had never done before to the old house. She had never got over the impression that a secret presence, revealed to no one else, was continually near her, though she saw no one. And her health was greatly affected by this visionary double life.

This was the state of affairs on a certain soft wet day when the family were all within doors. Connie had exhausted all her means of amusement in the morning. When the afternoon came, with its long, dull, uneventful hours, she had nothing better to do than to fling herself upon Miss Vivian, upon whom she had a special claim. She came to Mary's room, disturbing the strange quietude of that place, and amused herself looking over all the trinkets and ornaments that were to be found there, all of which were associated to Mary with her godmother. Connie tried on the bracelets and brooches which Mary in her deep mourning had not worn, and asked a hundred questions. The answer which had to be so often repeated, "That was given to me by my godmother," at last called forth the child's remark, "How fond your godmother must have been of you, Miss Vivian! she seems to have given you everything —"

"Everything!" cried Mary, with a full heart.

"And yet they all say she was not kind enough," said little Connie — "what do they mean by that? for you seem to love her very much still, though she is dead. Can one go on loving people when they are dead?"

"Oh yes, and better than ever," said Mary; "for often you do not know how you loved them, or what they were to you, till they are gone away."

Connie gave her governess a hug and said, "Why did not she leave you all her



money, Miss Vivian? everybody says she was wicked and unkind to die without —”

“My dear,” cried Mary, “do not repeat what ignorant people say, because it is not true.”

“But mamma said it, Miss Vivian.”

“She does not know, Connie — you must not say it. I will tell your mamma she must not say it; for nobody can know so well as I do — and it is not true —”

“But they say,” cried Connie, “that that is why she can’t rest in her grave. You must have heard. Poor old lady, they say she cannot rest in her grave because —”

Mary seized the child in her arms with a pressure that hurt Connie. “You must not! you must not!” she cried, with a sort of panic. Was she afraid that some one might hear? She gave Connie a hurried kiss, and turned her face away, looking out into the vacant room. “It is not true! it is not true!” she cried, with a great excitement and horror, as if to stay a wound. “She was always good, and like an angel to me. She is with the angels. She is with God. She cannot be disturbed by anything — anything! Oh let us never say, or think, or imagine —” Mary cried. Her cheeks burned, her eyes were full of tears. It seemed to her that something of wonder and anguish and dismay was in the room round her — as if some one unseen had heard a bitter reproach, an accusation undeserved, which must wound to the very heart.

Connie struggled a little in that too tight hold. “Are you frightened, Miss Vivian? what are you frightened for? No one can hear; and if you mind it so much, I will never say it again.”

“You must never, never say it again. There is nothing I mind so much,” Mary said.

“Oh!” said Connie, with mild surprise. Then as Mary’s hold relaxed, she put her arms round her beloved companion’s neck. “I will tell them all you don’t like it. I will tell them they must not — Oh!” cried Connie again, in a quick, astonished voice. She clutched Mary round the neck, returning the violence of the grasp which had hurt her, and with her other hand pointed to the door. “The lady! the lady! Oh, come and see where she is going!” Connie cried.

Mary felt as if the child in her vehemence lifted her from her seat. She had no sense that her own limbs or her own will carried her in the impetuous rush

with which Connie flew. The blood mounted to her head. She felt a heat and throbbing as if her spine were on fire. Connie, holding by her skirts, pushing her on, went along the corridor to the other door, now deserted, of Lady Mary’s room. “There, there! don’t you see her? She is going in,” the child cried, and rushed on, clinging to Mary, dragging her on, her light hair streaming, her little white dress waving.

Lady Mary’s room was unoccupied and cold — cold, though it was summer, with the chill that rests in uninhabited apartments. The blinds were drawn down over the windows; a sort of blank whiteness, greyness, was in the place, which no one ever entered. The child rushed on with eager gestures, crying “Look! look!” turning her lively head from side to side. Mary, in a still and passive expectation, seeing nothing, looking mechanically where Connie told her to look, moving like a creature in a dream against her will, followed. There was nothing to be seen. The blank, the vacancy went to her heart. She no longer thought of Connie or her vision. She felt the emptiness with a desolation such as she had never felt before. She loosed her arm with something like impatience from the child’s close clasp. For months she had not entered the room which was associated with so much of her life. Connie and her cries and warnings passed from her mind like the stir of a bird or a fly. Mary felt herself alone with her dead, alone with her life, with all that had been and that never could be again. Slowly, without knowing what she did, she sank upon her knees. She raised her face in the blank of desolation about her to the unseen heaven. Unseen! unseen! whatever we may do. God above us, and those who have gone from us, and he who has taken them, who has redeemed them, who is ours and theirs, our only hope; but all unseen, unseen, concealed as much by the blue skies as by the dull blank of that roof. Her heart ached and cried into the unknown. “O God,” she cried, “I do not know where she is, but thou art everywhere. O God, let her know that I have never blamed her, never wished it otherwise, never ceased to love her, and thank her, and bless her. God! God!” cried Mary, with a great and urgent cry, as if it were a man’s name. She knelt there for a moment before her senses failed her, her eyes shining as if they would burst from their sockets, her lips dropping apart, her countenance like marble.

## XIII.

"AND *she* was standing there all the time," said Connie, crying and telling her little tale after Mary had been carried away — "standing with her hand upon that cabinet, looking and looking, oh, as if she wanted to say something and couldn't. Why couldn't she, mamma? Oh, Mr. Bowyer, why couldn't she, if she wanted so much? Why wouldn't God let her speak?"

## XIV.

MARY had a long illness, and hovered on the verge of death. She said a great deal in her wanderings about some one who had looked at her. "For a moment, a moment," she would cry; "only a moment! and I had so much to say." But as she got better nothing was said to her about this face she had seen. And perhaps it was only the suggestion of some feverish dream. She was taken away, and was a long time getting up her strength; and in the mean time the Turners insisted that the drains should be thoroughly seen to, which were not at all in a perfect state. And the earl coming to see the place, took a fancy to it, and determined to keep it in his own hands. He was a friendly person, and his ideas of decoration were quite different from those of his grandmother. He gave away a great deal of her old furniture, and sold the rest.

Among the articles given away was the Italian cabinet which the vicar had always had a fancy for; and naturally it had not been in the vicarage a day before the boys insisted on finding out the way of opening the secret drawer. And there the paper was found in the most natural way, without any trouble or mystery at all.

## XV.

THEY all gathered to see the wanderer coming back. She was not as she had been when she went away. Her face, which had been so easy, was worn with trouble; her eyes were deep with things unspeakable. Pity and knowledge were in the lines which time had not made. It was a great event in that place to see one come back who did not come by the common way. She was received by the great officer who had given her permission to go, and her companions who had received her at the first all came forward, wondering, to hear what she had to say: because it only occurs to those wanderers who have gone back to earth of their own will

to return when they have accomplished what they wished, or it is judged above that there is nothing possible more. Accordingly the question was on all their lips, "You have set the wrong right — you have done what you desired?"

"Oh," she said, stretching out her hands, "how well one is in one's own place! how blessed to be at home! I have seen the trouble and sorrow in the earth till my heart is sore, and sometimes I have been near to die."

"But that is impossible," said the man who had loved her.

"If it had not been impossible, I should have died," she said. "I have stood among people who loved me, and they have not seen me nor known me, nor heard my cry. I have been outcast from all life, for I belonged to none. I have longed for you all, and my heart has failed me. Oh how lonely it is in the world when you are a wanderer, and can be known of none —"

"You were warned," said he who was in authority, "that it was more bitter than death."

"What is death?" she said. And no one made any reply. Neither did any one venture to ask her again whether she had been successful in her mission. But at last, when the warmth of her appointed home had melted the ice about her heart, she smiled once more and spoke.

"The little children knew me; they were not afraid of me; they held out their arms. And God's dear and innocent creatures —" She wept a few tears, which were sweet after the ice-tears she had shed upon the earth. And then some one, more bold than the rest, asked again, "And did you accomplish what you wished?"

She had come to herself by this time, and the dark lines were melting from her face. "I am forgiven," she said, with a low cry of happiness. "She whom I wronged loves me, and blessed me; and we saw each other face to face. I know nothing more."

"There is no more," said all together. For everything is included in pardon and love.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
HISTORY IN LITTLE.

## PART I.

THE thriving Piedmontese town of Biella, for all that it is called the Manches-

ter of Italy, is very little known by the English. It is out of the highway to any of the favorite passes and summer camping-grounds — and we all know with what sheep-like fidelity each traveller follows on the tracks of his predecessors; it has neither famous pictures nor ancient monuments, to attract artists and virtuosi; and the country round about is only beautiful, without being wildly exciting for savage grandeur or dreamily poetic for luscious beauty. Its mountains fall below the line of eternal snow, and are therefore not equal to those of Switzerland and the Tyrol; its vegetation has no tropical suggestions in its flush of bloom, its breadth of growth, and thus is not comparable to that of Sicily and the south. Yet for all its want of special claims — its artistic lack and architectural insignificance, as well as the more homelike quality of its scenery — Biella deserves to be better known than it is; and though its prosaic industry and unromantic manufactures form its chief claim to present consideration, its past history is as stirring as that of more celebrated places. That history indeed, is a sample in little of what went on everywhere in Italy during those dark days when the Roman civilization had died out and the Renaissance had yet to come; when the rival tyrannies of pope and emperor fought over the prostrate bodies of the people, and trampled law and freedom, together with humanity, into the dust; when the rude, rough races of the north poured over the hills to sack the cities and devastate the plains; when the crowned Church of Christ systematically violated every Christian virtue, and was but another name for rapine, murder, lust, and greed; while those who, like Arnold of Brescia, sought by independent means to bring men to holier living and higher faith were treated as criminals and burnt at the stake as heretics; when freedom of thought was the unforgiven sin, and the first dawning of scientific truth was as the red light thrown from the mouth of hell. If we read a record of life as transacted at Biella and the country round about, before society was settled or law had become strong enough to control despotism and ensure freedom, we can better realize the sufferings which men had to endure in those days, when the strong fought together and the weak were the victims whichever side might win, and when the rights of man were far less respected than are now the rights of animals.

At the head of the wide plain which

stretches away to infinity like the sea, where Milan, Turin, Vercelli, Novara are the anchored ships, and the faint outlines of the Apennines rising between Genoa and Bologna are the curves of distant waves, rises the bold range of the Italian Alps. And close under their shadow stands the town of which so few among us know the name and fewer still the merit. Yet the date of Biella is so old as to be lost in the vague obscurity of myth. For what is it but myth to say that it was originally built by Tarquin Priscus one hundred and fifty-five years only after Romulus and Remus had founded Rome? Tradition has long arms, and surely they have overreached the truth in this! This same long-armed tradition also makes St. Peter to have preached in Vercelli, and St. Eusebius to have been the first Bishop of Biella, as well as the importer of that famous statue of the black Madonna, carved by St. Luke, which for fourteen centuries and over has wrought miracles at and drawn worshippers to the Santuario of Oropa. An ancient Christian inscription however, which was found in 1872 under the foundations of the old Church of San Stefano, is placed by the learned in the second half of the sixth century. It shows that a priest named Albinus died and was buried there — proving by implication that in those early days Biella both existed and possessed a church and government of her own.

Charlemagne was said to have received here both the Persian and African ambassadors; but this again is a fond fancy of the more patriotic historians, and is denied by the exacter sort. The most ancient written document whereby begins the authentic history of Biella is one dated July 10, 826, and still preserved among the State archives of Parma. In this deed the emperors Louis le Debonnaire (called by the Italian historian Ludovico Pio) and his son Lothair give to Count Bosone a certain *manso*, or property, which they possess in the *corte* (manor?) of Biella; that is to say, a manor with a town-house and a country-house, with fields, woods, cottages, men and maid-servants, vineyards, meadows, waters and watercourses, mills, movable and immovable goods, and all the active and passive service connected therewith. This gift was in return for a like donation made to them by the count of all the rights and privileges connected with eight *mansì* belonging to a certain Villa Becchi, of which no one knows more now than the name as given in the deed. One thing

only is sure — that the men and maid-servants (*servi, ancelle*) went with the fields and the woods like the cattle in the one, and the birds in the other.

In 882, Ludwig, of Germany, who had been consecrated Bishop of Vercelli by Pope John VIII., became possessed, by papal decree, of all the fair property belonging to the Church at Biella; which assignment seems to have been the beginning of the long years of tyrannous domination established by the larger city over the smaller. This bishop lost the favor of the emperor because of certain familiarities said to have taken place between him and the empress Richilde. But he managed to prove his innocence and to be reinstated in his old place, when Berengario, Duke of Friuli, attacked him in his palace for reasons of private vengeance, and carried off a goodly spoil of ecclesiastical treasure as well as much private property belonging to unoffending citizens. In 887, the Hungarians came in force over the mountain; invaded the country; took Vercelli; slaughtered clergy and laity alike; and were altogether so ferocious as to make people believe that the end of the world was at hand, and that these fierce, bearded barbarians were the Scriptural Gog and Magog who were sent to exterminate all before them. The bishop flying with such treasure as Berengario had left and the faithful had replaced, fell into the hands of these invaders, who first took all that he had and then put him to a cruel death.

In 945, the then emperors, Ugo and Lothair, at the instance of Berengario made a donation to the Church of Vercelli of the rivers Cervo, Elva, and Sesia, from Biella to the Chapel of San Colombano; and river rights were then as important as those over the land. Whether the people through whose lands these rivers ran liked the transfer or not was out of the account. In those days men and women were bought and sold like grain or wool, and they had no more right of remonstrance than had the negroes of the Southern States. The lord of the manor was lord of all else; and absolute submission was not only the chief Christian virtue, but was also the prime political necessity for those who would live out their appointed time.

In the stirring action of the next two turbulent centuries Biella seems to have had but little share. She had nothing to say to the quarrels between Hildebrand and Henry IV.; and among the foes and friends who witnessed that disastrous

humiliation of the crown to the tiara in the snowy court at Canossa, she sent none to watch and grieve with the one, to exult in insolent triumph with the other. "Hæreticorum caput," as Henry was called in the papal bull which excommunicated him in 1102, Biella would naturally have taken the side against him; for she was a notoriously faithful adherent of the Church which opposed her — licking the hand that struck her with lamentable docility. Nor in the wars of investitures has she any record of help given either to the crown or the Church; nor, again, when every city in northern Italy had a *carroccio* after the pattern of Heribert's of Milan — a kind of political ark which was the symbol of liberty and citizenship — do we find one among the treasures of her freemen. In those days she eschewed all political action when not forced to the front by her superiors — specially by that tyrannical Vercelli under whose yoke she suffered. But it was a strange bit of contradiction that Biella, oppressed by the Church party as she was, should have been Guelf to the backbone, while Vercelli, whose supremacy was based on her ecclesiastical domination, was notably Ghibelline.

But Vercelli seems to have been one of those lucky ones who are able to make the best of two worlds at a time, and to have a safe seat on a couple of stools. Endowed by the Church, she was also protected by the crown. Frederic Barbarossa, to show his gratitude to Uguccione, Bishop of Vercelli, for having voted for him in the Diet of Frankfurt, when the question was of his succession to the crown of Italy, by a deed dated October 17, 1152, confirmed to the Church of St. Eusebius in Vercelli all the possessions already held, including "Biella, with its appurtenances." What a state of things it was when each turn in the political kaleidoscope endangered present possessions and necessitated fresh settlements everywhere!

Bishop Uguccione seems to have been a good friend to this pretty and reluctant vassal. "Wishing to make the delightful site of Biella in every way more worthy, he caused houses and palaces to be built; and to the end that the inhabitants should be increased, he granted certain privileges and rights of exemption to those who built their own dwellings." Though in the tenth century the Biellese had built their own castle close to the Church of San Stefano — for a castle or stronghold was as necessary in those days, as protec-

tion against continual violence, as is now a street door against burglars—he, the bishop, built another on the Piazza. And again, eight years after, he once more invited the Biellese to build their own houses here on the Piano, the most ancient part of the town, standing at a considerable elevation; giving them possession by placing in their hands the staff he held in his own as his symbol of power and authority, provided they would swear fidelity to him as his vassals, and also swear to live here on the height. They might, however, dispose of their houses and the land annexed, on condition that their successors, by purchase or inheritance, should also live on the Piano and be faithful vassals of the bishop. Again, they were to defend not only the bishop himself in his day of need, but also his friends, and they were to make war against his enemies. In return he promised not to appoint a castellan against their consent. It was not only for the sake of Biella herself that Bishop Uguccione did so much to make her prosperous, but also for the sake of the “Sacred Mountain of Oropa, most celebrated for its miraculous image of the Most Blessed Virgin, so that she should be visited and honored by a greater concourse of people.” Uguccione died in 1170, just fifteen years after one of the noblest men of Italian history, Arnold of Brescia, was burnt alive before the gate of St. Angelo in Rome, by the order of Pope Adrian IV., our own Nicholas Breakspere, the first and last Englishman who has ever worn the tiara. Before Uguccione died, he had ample cause to ask himself the question whether his vote which helped to give Barbarossa the crown had been for the good of the country or not. When Tortona was burnt, and Milan was razed to the ground, even a bishop might be supposed to have so much patriotism as would make him feel more for his own people who were slain than for the army of foreigners which slew them.

At one moment (1208) Biella seems to have broken away from Vercelli in one of those spasmodic struggles after autonomy, which were rather to have the right of oppression than to gain and give true freedom. But her chains were re-riveted, and she was the temporal as well as the ecclesiastical fief of her old padrona until 1225. Then, profiting by the absence of Frederic II. — who had just married Yolande de Lusignan, before sailing, two years later, from our old friend Otranto, to fight for the Holy Land, that he might be absolved by Pope Gregory IX., whom

he had offended by so many acts of high-handed disobedience — Biella defied the Vercellese bishop; appointed her own municipal council; consolidated her own laws; and faced her own private foes. For in this “history in little” — this Peter-Pindar-like scale *ad infinitum* — her own natural vassals had revolted against her; as, for example, that small hamlet of Salussola, against which she made a decree that it was unlawful for any Biellese to have dealings with a Salussolese.

In 1230 Frederic, by Manfredo Lancio, his vicar imperial in Lombardy, twice summoned the men of Biella, Andorno, Chiavazza, Pollone, and Pettinengo — these four last even now such mere villages! — to join his army lying before Alessandria under pain of a fine of a hundred silver marks. But Biella, papal and Guelf, as we have seen, for all that her padrona was imperialist and Ghibelline, sent neither men nor money, and put herself under the protection of the pope, who had declared himself the head of the Lega Lombardia — not for sympathy with the civil liberties of which the league contained the germ as the acorn contains the future oak, but because it was a league against the emperor. This pope, who had excommunicated Frederic as “impious and miscreant, promoter of rebellion against the Holy See, enemy of the clergy, persecutor of the mendicant orders, usurper of episcopal rights, and occupier of lands and States belonging to the Church,” released the Biellese from their allegiance; upheld them in their resistance; and laid under ban every place where Frederic might find himself, and every one with whom he might have dealings. All the same, Biella had her walls and stronghold dismantled by the Imperialists, who did not much care for the papal bull, *vix et praterea nihil*, as it was when: unbacked by material force. But she chose rather to suffer this damage than to join the party which was abhorrent to her; and in any case she would have suffered. If she had joined with Frederic she would have come in for her share of those curses which the pope rolled out on Maundy Thursday, immediately after he had made an end of blessing the people — those curses which forbade any one to kiss, feed, talk to, succor, join with while living, or pray for when dead, those miserable ones against whom they were hurled. Delivered with such awful pomp and circumstance — the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, dressed in their grandest vestments, surrounding



the pope and holding lighted tapers in their hands, which tapers they flung on the ground, stamping out the light with their feet, as the light of grace and forgiveness was quenched for those doomed souls — the bells ringing strangely, "their tolling a thing of great terror," as they pealed "inordinately and in *detestatio-nem*" of the accursed — how can we wonder if the simple and believing ignorant people shrank from that which both foreshadowed and ensured eternal doom, and chose rather temporal disaster than everlasting torments? And how could Biella, pious and ecclesiastical, take the side of one whose repute for unsoundness was so terribly strong as was Frederic's? For was he not said to have written a book, "*De Tribus Impostoribus*: Moses, Jesus, Mahomet"? — which book, though no one had ever seen it, was none the less an undoubted fact that no one dreamed of denying. All this, then, was reason enough why Biella should not join the party of one who, infidel and accursed in his own person, governed the land by the hands of one of the most cruel, tyrannous, and bloodthirsty of men — that all too famous Ezzelino, who "knew neither pity, virtue, nor remorse." In any way it was loss; but it was better to have loss with a good conscience than with a bad one. Vercelli, on the contrary, sided with the emperor; and in 1237 Pope Gregory IX. excommunicated the commune because it had entered the territory of the bishop, had occupied the Towers of Andorno and Chiavazza, had besieged the castle of Biella, made prisoners of not a few subjects of the Church, and forced them to swear fidelity to it rather than to the bishop. Other high-handed things did the recalcitrant commune of Vercelli; as when it took possession of the vineyards, fields, woods, chestnut-groves, etc., belonging to certain citizens deceased — things with which it had nothing to do. But it was only for its defiance of the Church that it was excommunicated, not for its wrong-doing to these unconsidered citizens, the natural heirs of those deceased proprietors.

Sometimes the Church turned its thunders against itself, as when, on January 12, 1245, it excommunicated with bell, book, and candle the Torinese canons who had refused to accept as their bishop Arborio, abbot of the monastery of San Gannaro. This was done at the hands of the Biellese archdeacon Artaldo.

In 1243 the Church, thinking it wiser policy to conciliate and bribe, rather than

fight and excommunicate, the Ghibelline commune of Vercelli, and unmindful of the gratitude owing to her faithful Biellese, sold to the former all the lands and territorial rights lying between the Po, the Cervo, the Doria, and the Sesia; on condition of a goodly sum of money paid first of all as the initial plank, and the oath of fidelity as the clincher. To this sale the bishop Martino Avogadro di Quaregna, who as canon of Vercelli had approved, now as bishop opposed all his force; doing his best to prevent the assumption of civic rights by the Vercellese commune over Biella, as being so much taken from the ecclesiastical predominance. He was still more opposed, and with him the Biellese, when the commune turned back to its ancient ways, and made common cause with Frederic — to be again excommunicated. Then the commune and Biella came to open war, and the country was devastated while the two factions fought here, on the plains and in the villages, as they fought in Florence and Rome — there on a large scale, here on a small; with the family of the Avogadri for the Guef or Neri, and that of the Tizzoni for the Ghibelline or Bianchi. But there was no story here as at Florence, when (1215) Sismondi tells us: "A Guef noble of the upper Vale of Arno, named Buondelmonte, who had been made citizen of Florence, demanded in marriage a young person of the Ghibelline house of Amedei, and was accepted. While the nuptials were in preparation, a noble lady of the family Donati stopped Buondelmonte as he passed the door, and bringing him into the room where her women were at work, raised the veil of her daughter, whose beauty was exquisite. 'Here,' she said, 'is the wife I reserved for thee. Like thee she is Guef; while thou takest one from the enemies of thy Church.' Buondelmonte, dazzled and enamored, instantly accepted the proffered hand. The Amedei looked upon his inconstancy as a deep affront. All the noble Ghibelline families of Florence, about twenty-four in number, met and agreed that he should atone with his life for the offence. Buondelmonte was attacked on the morning of Easter Sunday, just as he had passed the Ponte Vecchio on horseback, and killed at the foot of the statue of Mars which stood there. Forty-two families of the Guef party met and swore to avenge him; and blood did indeed atone for blood. Every day some new murder, some new battle, alarmed Florence during the space of thirty-three years. These



two parties stood opposed to each other within the walls of the same city; and, although often reconciled, every little accident renewed their animosity, and they again flew to arms to avenge ancient wrongs."

I am afraid this anecdote has been dragged in a little too arbitrarily; but it is so graphic and dramatic, and gives such a good sketch of the state of society of the time, that I thought it worth making room for; though I could hang it on my own slender thread only by a very far-fetched kind of hook.

The Vercellese bishop Ajmone did his best to make peace between his local Guelfs and Ghibellines, taking part with neither, and seeking to be all things to all men on either side. But, thinking that discretion was sometimes the better form of valor, he suddenly took to flight, and sheltered himself in the castle of Biella, as Ottone Visconti, Archbishop of Milan, had sheltered himself not so long before. The Biellese received Ajmone, as they had received Ottone Visconti, with gratitude, joy, respect, hospitality; in return for which the Vercellese bishop imposed on them the most enormous taxes to aid the Guelf party which he was gathering in from all sides. Good Guelf as she was, Biella kicked against this very sharp and painful prick, and appealed to her old guest Ottone, the fugitive archbishop whom she had received with respect, entertained with hospitality, and kept in safety during his time of trial. And on this appeal, Ottone had gratitude enough to absolve the Biellese from their allegiance to the bishop in the matter of paying these new and heavy imports. Whereupon Ajmone removed them, and Biella breathed freely.

Meanwhile Beatrice of Anjou led thirty thousand men into Lombardy (1265, the year of Dante's birth), and the next year her husband Charles defeated Manfred at Benevento, receiving as the price of his victory the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, for which he had come. The power of the Guelfs was now established throughout Italy, and every effort was made to destroy, to the last vestige, both national independence and political freedom. A check was given to this terrible power however, when, twelve years later, the stout archbishop Ottone defeated Napoleone della Torre, that chief of the republic of Milan, who was as contemptuous of his Guelf supporters as he was of his Ghibelline adversaries; and cruelly confined him and five of his kinsmen in three

iron cages as a practical commentary on the difference there was between the Church which slew and the court who slaughtered—the Christianity of priests and the philanthropy of knights. Still more was done when brave Palermo (1282) reconquered for herself and the whole island the freedom which had been trafficked away between the high contracting authorities, by that supreme blow struck at the invader known in history as the Sicilian Vespers.

In 1304 Biella is once more mixed up with the current life of the time; for in this year Fra Dolcino appeared on the mountains above Valsesia. This arch-heretic to some, to others a second Arnold of Brescia, was a man at once to pity, to admire, to condemn. There is no doubt of his ferocities up there among the mountains, whether on the Rock of the Bare Wall of the Valnera range, or in the Ca' or Tana del Diavolo on Monte Zerbino (now Monte San Bernardo), above Mosso; but also there is as little doubt of his sincerity and zeal. He took up and continued the work of Gherardo Sagarelli, that half-witted preacher of religious liberty and practical holiness who for his logical Christianity was burnt alive in Parma in 1300, and who, they said, twice extinguished the flames by crying out: "Help, Asmodeus!" There would have been no end to the farce had not the inquisitor bethought him of bringing the "body of Jesus Christ" under his cloak; whereby, when exhibited, the demons were reduced to impotence, and Gherardo Sagarelli and his companions were burnt comfortably and without further hindrance.

Dolcino was a native of Piedmont, coming from a small village near Noyara. He was educated for a priest, but he committed a small theft when a young man, and ran away from his master and teacher either in shame or in fear, or both. Afterwards he turned up as an independent reformer, preaching holiness, without that license of Church which was given to St. Francis of Assisi and St. Dominic of Spain. Being thus without license he was as one of those thieves and robbers who seek to enter the vineyard by the wall and not by the gate, and was therefore laid hold of as one to be condemned, not rewarded—repressed, not encouraged. His personal companion was the beautiful Margaret of Trent; his best and bravest adherent the nobly born Longino dei Cattenei; his disciples were the poor who suffered from the tyranny of the

Church, the earnest who sought more spiritualized food than that given by the gross anthropomorphism of Catholic Christianity, and the mystical who believed, as he taught, that he, Fra Dolcino, was their living Paraclete, and that, having already lived under the reign of the Father in Judaism, the Son in Catholicism, they were now to pass under the dominion of the Holy Spirit as represented by himself, where there would be less form and more truth, less dogmatism and more freedom.

When Fra Dolcino and his followers were encamped on the mountains above Mosso, the Bishop of Vercelli was one Rainieri di Pezzana degli Avogadri, a heretic-hunter by profession, as Matthew Hopkins was afterwards a witch-finder; and the Bishop of Novara was Uguccione de' Borromei, as cruel as bishops were in those days, when spiritual domination and territorial rights went together, and a breath of free thought endangered more than the safe holding of dogma. It is impossible to give the story of Fra Dolcino *in extenso*. Suffice it to say that, after horrible sufferings endured, and as horrible cruelties inflicted, the poor, gaunt, half-blind, half-starved apostles had to yield to superior numbers on a certain Holy Thursday (March 23, 1307), when the Church army came up to them, captured those who had not been already burnt or cut to pieces, and finally caught, hidden in a cave, Fra Dolcino himself, with Margaret of Trent and Longino dei Cattenei. These three were reserved for the full rigors of the law as made in those days of inhumanity and revenge. Anything more terrible than the executions of these wretched creatures cannot be imagined. They were amongst the most horrible of a horrible time. On the first of the beautiful June month of flowers the fires were lighted in the Arena Cervi at Vercelli and at Biella. Fra Dolcino and Margaret were to be burnt at the former; Longino at the latter. Margaret was the first to suffer; and the fire was slack and slow. The man whom she had loved, and for whom she had sacrificed her all and was now to suffer, was placed where she could see him and he her. During all her agony, his loud, clear voice exhorted her to be brave and flinch not—to look at him and to remember. And the beautiful woman of his love proved her worthiness of that love by the constancy with which she bore her sufferings and met her death. She neither winced nor cried out. She remembered as he exhorted—remembered

her faith in him and his love for her; and so passed to her doom as a heroine and a martyr.

Then Fra Dolcino was seated in a high car and paraded about Vercelli; tortured with red-hot pincers, which tore the flesh from his naked body bit by bit and member by member, till the bones were laid bare, and he was but the semblance of a man when they came back to the fire where Margaret's ashes were still burning. But he too never once flinched, never once cried out during all this time of infernal torture. The man who had taught the coming of the Holy Ghost, and who had loved Margaret of Trent, had nothing to ask of his fellow-men. Constant to the last, his spirit unbroken, his faith unshattered, he was cast contemptuously into the flames which represented to his executioners those eternal fires in which his soul was to be forever tortured. At the same time and hour Longino was burnt alive at Biella, after suffering similar tortures. In this way Holy Mother Church purged herself of inconvenient fanatics, and vindicated her claim to be considered the only recognized road to the vineyard.

In the year 1321, the year when Dante died, Holy Mother Church made herself busy over a vast conspiracy which she said she had discovered among the Jews and lepers—a strange combination, by the way—to poison all the springs and wells of the country. It did not touch the heart of the matter that the springs and wells were not poisoned, and that not a rag of evidence supported the accusation. Thousands paid the forfeit of their lives for the report; and the Esther Solomossys and Moritz Scharfs of the time were as many as there were likely pegs on which to hang an accusation and perjurers to do the hanging thereof.

The Tizzoni and Avogadri still always fighting, the Vercellese bishop, Uberto, did his best to reconcile them and force them to give the kiss of peace. He succeeded for the moment; but it was a peace that had as little honor as it had stability, and the old quarrels broke out afresh. The bishop, suffering the proverbial fate of those who put their hands between the bark and the tree, was beleaguered in his castle, taken prisoner, and shut up in one room. But one night he managed to make his guards drunk; when he passed through them safely and escaped to Biella. Faithful Biella, never weary of her devotion to the spiritual power, received the fugitive with honor and levied an army to

defend him, keeping him in safety till his death in 1328. The next bishop, Leonardo della Torre, also kept himself safe at Biella — Vercelli, his natural habitat and the see to which he belonged, being less faithful than her vassal. The Tizzoni were masters of the situation, and the Avogadri, entrenched in their castles, had enough to do to hold their own without taking on themselves the extra work of defending an obnoxious prelate. Elsewhere, however, the Ghibelline party was failing. The great captain, Castruccio, had died after the taking of Pisa and Pistoja; the still greater captain and leader, Can' Grande della Scala, the splendid master of Verona, died the next year after the conquest of Treviso; Galeazzo Visconti was also dead. So that the Ghibelline cause looked pale and wan in the larger towns, though here, in these small places under the shadow of the Alps, it was predominant. Then, encouraged by the disorganization of the party elsewhere, certain Guelf lords in the district declared war against Biella on account of the bishop, and the Vercellese joined on account of their own rights, which his absence both endangered and lessened. After fourteen years' hostilities a truce was ordained, which enabled Biella to turn her arms against little Ronco, a hamlet about three miles off — the men of Ronco having carried the castle of Zumaglia and chased away the castellan. The wonder is where all the men came from to do so much fighting, and how they escaped the fate of the Kilkenny cats.

This outbreak quelled and Ronco brought back to due submission, Biella was flattered by the cardinal who had to put things straight between her and her mistress Vercelli. The Biellese men were praised as dear sons of the Church, and for their many proofs of filial piety adjudged worthy of her parental mercy. All the same, they were sold by the bishop whom they had fostered in his time of need — as indeed what else could they expect when it was his interest to make friends with Vercelli?

There died intestate in Biella one Jacopo de Bardo, leaving three sisters, Alasia, Agnesa, Gioachina. After they had buried him decently these three sisters entered into possession of their dead brother's estate; but the vicar Papiniano put in his claim, saying that by old right and usage the bishop (of Vercelli) should inherit where one died intestate and without heirs male. The commune intervened to protect its citizens, or rather citizenesses; but Papiniano carried the case to

the Archbishop of Milan, and he ruled that the Vercellese Church, by its bishop, had the right of inheritance. The three sisters were accordingly dispossessed, and history is silent as to their after fate. This too is a striking example of what law and equity meant in those days of ecclesiastical domination, and how the omnipotent Church ignored the very foundations of civil liberties.

In 1347, the year when Cola di Rienzi held the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome from May 20 to December 15, the plague of which Boccaccio wrote broke out in Florence; and the year after it spread through all Italy, even touching the high-lying, healthy Alpine towns, where however it was far less terrible than down in the plains. But, worse than the plague, came a fearful famine. Snow was thick on the ground to the end of March, and in some places it was lying to the end of April. Crops were destroyed; flocks and herds were killed; men and women and children died from want in the highways and streets. But worse than either plague or famine was the election to the bishopric of Vercelli of Giovanni Fieschi in 1348. A bold, bad man; turbulent, vicious, lawless, tyrannical; "unable to vent his wrath against the Vercellese, because they were under the protection of the Visconti, who knew how to make themselves feared and their lands respected," Fieschi withdrew to Biella, where he surrounded himself with soldiers and worked his brutal will unchecked. He quarrelled with the commune on a matter of inheritance, and seized the property in dispute without waiting for the sentence of the court. He stopped the communal taxes so as to weaken the civil power; but this the Biellese would not stand, and rebelled so lustily that the bishop withdrew to the castles of Masserano and Zumaglia, interdicting the commune and making war against it. The Archbishop of Milan, the ultimate local authority, sided with the Biellese; but Fieschi cared as little for one as for the other. He went on in his own brutal, high-handed way, now using the fleshly weapon of his soldiers, now the spiritual of curses and excommunications, but never conquering the brave little town, which withstood at times as bravely as at others she submitted tamely. After some years of this Fieschi drew off his forces from Biella, because he had come to blows with the Marchese di Monferrato and wanted all his strength against an enemy who knew how to give more than he took. After a time a treaty of peace

was drawn up between the bishop and the Biellese, and for a few years the land had rest. But the bishop after a while broke out afresh, and encouraged the dependent townships to rebel against the little mother city; harassing Biella in all her works and ways and rights and privileges, so that, her patience being exhausted, she one night assembled her forces suddenly, and without warning seized the castle, killed the guards, and secured the person of the bishop, who, with many members of his family, was straightway locked up in the great tower. He was released by a treaty favorable to the Biellese, and was sent to the castle of Masserano; those of Zumaglia, Biella, and Andorno being forbidden. But his restless spirit was never at peace. He was forever hatching plots and concocting wars; and when he died "Bishop of Bethlehem," the world was the gainer by the loss of one whose title was the most scathing satire on his life.

Biella, tired of all the wars waged against her, now by this bishop and now by that count — wearied with the miseries brought on her by being made the shuttlecock between the two parties which fought over Italy as wolves might fight over the fair body of a woman — finding no faith in the Church, for which she had gladly suffered so much and often, and no security in the most solemn oaths of priest or pope, put herself at last into the hands of the Green Count, Amedeo VII. of Savoy (1379), swearing a thirty years' oath of fidelity and obedience, and a yearly tribute of two hundred golden florins, on condition of his protection and exemption from further tax or impost. In this treaty the commune was to be free to manage its own concerns without let or hindrance from the suzerain, always excepting the military services it was bound to render to, and the punishment of such criminals as had offended against, Savoy. These were the property of Savoy, and could be dealt with only by her own powers. The commune might choose its own *podestà* or mayor, but only from among the subjects of Savoy; and such *podestà* must swear to obey the statutes of the sovereign. All the towns and communes round about, hitherto the vassals of the Church of Vercelli, were to be subject to the Biellese civil government, concurring in its expenses and obligations, and conjointly submitting to the house of Savoy. Also the treaty stipulated that no Biellese debtor should be put in prison at the instance of a member of any other commune; that no compact nor agreement

should hurt the reserved rights of the Church nor those of the commune and people. All this was sworn to by Biella, speaking through her headman; and the little places swore to the same, like their mistress, late the recalcitrant fief of Vercelli, and now tyrant on her own account over her weaker neighbors.

Giovanni Galeazzo, however, held some lands in and about Biella, whence he fanned the flames of discord between the Biellese, who had found their account in this submission to the green count of Savoy, and some of the smaller places, which, on the contrary, found the conditions more onerous than profitable. Hence here in this narrow corner of the earth were perpetual murders, raids, reprisals, devastations, offences, and vendettas unending, till at last Amedeo and Galeazzo made a pact in Biella, and so peace was kept for a while. This was the "Gian" Galeazzo who, in 1385, got the better of his uncle Barnabas in a manner highly characteristic of the time and its morality. I will give the account as I find it in Sismondi, which is better than making a paraphrase: —

"The terror in which the house of Visconti had held Florence and the other Italian republics began somewhat to subside. Barnabas, grown old, had divided the cities of his dominion amongst his numerous children. His brother Galeazzo had died on August 4, 1378, and been replaced by his son, Gian Galeazzo, called Count de Virtus, from a county in Champagne given him by Charles V., whose sister he had married. Barnabas would willingly have deprived his nephew of his paternal inheritance, to divide it among his children. Gian Galeazzo, who had already discovered several plots directed against him, uttered no complaint, but shut himself up in his castle of Pavia, where he had fixed his residence. He doubled his guard, and took pains to display his belief that he was surrounded by assassins. He affected, at the same time, the highest devotion; he was always at prayers, a rosary in his hand, and surrounded with monks; he talked only of pilgrimages and expiatory ceremonies. His uncle regarded him as pusillanimous, and unworthy of reigning. In the beginning of May, 1385, Gian Galeazzo sent to Barnabas to say that he had made a vow to our Lady of Varese, near the Lago Maggiore, and that he should be glad to see him on his passage. Barnabas agreed to meet him at a short distance from Milan, accompanied by his two sons. Gian

Galeazzo arrived, surrounded, as was his custom, by a numerous guard. He affected to be alarmed at every sudden motion made near him. On meeting his uncle, however, on May 6, he hastily dismounted, and respectfully embraced him, but while he held him in his arms he said in German to his guards, 'Strike!' The Germans, seizing Barnabas, disarmed and dragged him, with his two sons, to some distance from his nephew. Gian Galeazzo made several vain attempts to poison his uncle in the prison into which he had thrown him; but Barnabas, suspicious of all the nourishment offered him, was on his guard, and did not sink under these repeated efforts till December 18 of the same year."

This was the ruse employed by a man "false and pitiless" against another "who had never inspired one human being with either esteem or affection."

Another of his feats was to "accuse the wife of the Lord of Mantua, daughter of Barnabas, and his own cousin and sister-in-law, of a criminal intercourse with her husband's secretary. He forged letters, by which he made her appear guilty, concealed them in her apartment, and afterwards pointed out where they were to be found to Francesco da Gonzaga, who, in a paroxysm of rage, caused her to be beheaded, and the secretary to be tortured and afterwards put to death, in 1399. It was not till after many years that he discovered the truth. When Galeazzo was lying ill of the plague (September 3, 1402) there suddenly appeared in the sky a comet, which the astrologers said predicted his death. He himself took it to mean the same sign, and said, "I render thanks to God in that he has vouchsafed to show to the eyes of all men a sign in heaven of my being called." Considering the man he was, it seems scarcely necessary for the great God of heaven and earth to put any celestial machinery in motion on the departure from the world he had so long vexed of such a double-dyed hypocrite and scoundrel!

After this worthy's death civil war again broke out in our small Piedmontese dominion. Facino Cane, a famous captain of the time—now serving the Marchese di Monferrato, now Gian Galeazzo, after him his sons, and finally captain of his own private forces—took several towns by assault and battery, and among them Vercelli. Pietro Bertodano, defending Ivrea, lost his eldest son, Lodovico; and for his courage and virtue the

Duke of Savoy nominated Count Albert as his heir. For the solid pudding of his possessions the duke gave Pietro the frothy praise of a diploma setting forth his virtues and their award. This too was a wonderful mark of the times, both for the high-handedness of power on the one side and the submission of servility on the other. By that diploma Pietro Bertodano was fully repaid all that he had suffered; and the honor of having Count Albert for his heir was compensation enough for the wrong done to his own natural inheritors.

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THE SOUDAN AND ITS FUTURE.

BY SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

"WHAT is the Soudan?" is a question that has frequently been asked since the recent calamity has diverted public attention from the usual course and concentrated all interest upon that distant region. "Is the Soudan worth keeping?" "Why not give it up?" are remarks that have not been uncommon since the overwhelming disaster which has befallen the army under the command of General Hicks.

I shall endeavor to reply to these questions, and to explain the actual condition of those provinces which are included in the general term "Soudan."

The great lake Victoria N'yanza, discovered by the late Captain Speke, is thirty-four hundred feet above the sea-level—beneath the equator. The Albert N'yanza is twenty-seven hundred feet; Gondokoro, two thousand feet; Khartum, twelve hundred feet, in latitude  $15^{\circ} 34'$ . The general altitude of the country in the equatorial regions above the two great lakes is about four thousand feet.

Accepting the Albert N'yanza as the general reservoir, from the northern extremity, latitude  $2^{\circ} 15'$ , the Nile issues to commence its course from an altitude of twenty-seven hundred feet above the sea-level. We therefore discover a fall of seven hundred feet in a course of about two hundred miles, influenced by a succession of cataracts and rapids, while from Gondokoro, latitude  $4^{\circ} 54'$ , in a winding channel of about fourteen hundred miles, the fall is about eight hundred feet to Khartum—or nearly seven inches per mile—a navigable river throughout, with a stream that hardly averages a speed of three miles per hour.

Before the White Nile annexation, the



Soudan was accepted in a vague and unsatisfactory definition as representing everything south of the first cataract at Assouan without any actual limitation; but the extension of Egyptian territory to the equator has increased the value of the term, and the word Soudan now embraces the whole of that vast region which comprises the deserts of Nubia, Libya, the ancient Meroe, Dongola, Kordofan, Darfur, Senaar, and the entire Nile basin, bordered on the east by Abyssinia, and elsewhere by doubtful frontiers. The Red Sea upon the east alone confines the Egyptian limit to an unquestionable line.

Wherever the rainfall is regular, the country is immensely fertile, therefore the Soudan may be divided into two portions — the great deserts which are beyond the rainy zone, and consequently arid, and the southern provinces within that zone, which are capable of great agricultural development.

As the river Nile runs from south to north from an elevation of thirty-four hundred feet until it meets the Mediterranean at the Rosetta and Damietta mouths, it flows through the rainy zone to which it owes its birth, and subsequently streams onwards through the twelve hundred miles of sand, north of the Atbara River, which is the last tributary throughout its desert course.

Including the bends of this mighty Nile, a distance is traversed of about thirty-three hundred miles from the Victoria N'yanza to the Mediterranean; the whole of this region throughout its passage is now included in the name "Soudan."

The thirty-two degrees of latitude intersected by the Nile must of necessity exhibit great changes in temperature and general meteorological conditions.

The comparatively small area of the Egyptian delta is the natural result of inundations upon the lower level, which by spreading the waters have thereby slackened the current, and allowed a sufficient interval for the deposit of the surcharged mud. That fertilizing alluvium has been brought down from the rich lands of Meroe and portions of Abyssinia by the Atbara River and its tributaries, the Salaam, Angrab, and the greater stream Setitte. All those rivers cut through a large area of deep soil, through which in the course of ages they have excavated valleys of great depth, and in some places of more than two miles width. The cubic contents of these enormous cuttings have been delivered upon the low lands of Egypt at the period of inundations.

The Blue Nile, which effects a junction with the White Nile at Khartum in N. latitude  $15^{\circ} 34'$ , is also a mud-carrier, but not to the same extent as the Atbara. The White Nile, on the contrary, is of lacustrine origin, and conveys no mud, but the impurity of its waters is caused by an excess of vegetable matter suspended in the finest particles, and exhibiting beneath the microscope minute globules of green matter, which have the appearance of germs. When the two rivers meet at the Khartum junction, the water of the Blue Nile, which contains lime, appears to coagulate the albuminous matter in that of the White Nile, which becomes too heavy to remain in suspension; it therefore precipitates, and forms a deposit, after which the true Nile, formed by a combination of the two rivers, becomes wholesome, and remains comparatively clear until it meets the muddy Atbara, in latitude  $17^{\circ} 40'$ . The Sobat River in N. latitude  $9^{\circ} 21'$  is a most important tributary, supposed to have its sources in the southern portion of the Galla country. All these powerful streams exhibit a uniform system of drainage from south-east to north-west. The only affluent upon the west is the Bahr Ghazal in latitude  $9^{\circ} 20'$ , but that river is quite unimportant as a contributor to the great volume of the Nile.

The rainy zone extends to about  $15^{\circ}$  north latitude, but the rainfall is dependent upon peculiarities of elevation, and physical conditions of localities.

Whenever the rainfall is dependable, the natural fertility of the soil is at once exhibited by enormous crops, in the neighborhood of villages, where alone a regular system of cultivation is pursued.

The gentle slope from the equator to the Mediterranean — from the Victoria N'yanza source of the Nile thirty-four hundred feet in a course of about the same number of miles — may be divided into two portions by almost halving the thirty-two degrees of latitude in a direct line. Fifteen will include the rainy zone north of the equator, and the remaining seventeen to Alexandria comprise the vast deserts which are devoid of water.

The enormous extent of burning sand which separates the fertile portion of the Soudan from lower Egypt would, in the absence of the camel, be like an ocean devoid of vessels, and the deserts would be a barrier absolutely impassable by man. Nature has arranged the various fauna according to the requirements and conditions of the earth's surface; we, therefore,

possess the camel as the only animal that can with impunity support a thirst that will enable it to traverse great distances without the necessity of water. This invaluable creature will travel during the hottest months a distance of one hundred and twenty miles with a load of four hundred pounds, without drinking upon the journey until the fourth day. It is necessary that before starting, the camel shall drink its fill. This may be in the evening of Monday. It will then travel thirty miles a day, and by Friday P.M. it will have completed four days, or one hundred and twenty miles, and will require water. A certain amount of dhurra (sorghum vulgare) must be given during a forced march, as the animal will have no time to graze upon the scanty herbage of the desert.

The desert of Korosko is three hundred and thirty miles across to Abou Hamed, and this journey is performed in seven days, the camels drinking once only upon the road at the bitter wells of Mourâhd. Horses can be taken across such deserts only through the aid of camels, which transport the water required for the less enduring animals.

Although the camel is apparently indigenous to the African and Arabian deserts, it is a curious fact that we have never heard of such an animal in a state of nature. Not even the ancient writers mention the camel as existing in a wild state in any portion of the globe. In this we find an exception to all other animals, whose original progenitors may be discovered in occupation of those wild haunts from which they must have been captured to become domesticated.

As the camel is the only means of communication between the Soudan and Lower Egypt, we at once recognize the reality of separation effected by the extent of desert, which reduces the value of those distant provinces to nil, until some more general means of transport shall be substituted.

The fertile provinces of the Soudan, irrespective of the White Nile margin, are those between the Atbara River and the Blue Nile, in addition to all those lands between Cassala and Gallabat, together with the country traversed by the rivers Rahad and Dinder, opposite Senaar. The latter province between the Blue and the White Niles is the granary of Khartum.

It is well known that the Soudan was annexed by Mehemet Ali Pacha, grandfather of the ex-khedive Ismail Pacha,

and by a stern rule the discordant elements of rival Arab tribes were reduced to order.

Khartum, at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, became the capital, and Shendy, Berber, and Dongola represented towns of importance upon the river margin. Souakim and Massawa were ports upon the Red Sea, well adapted for commercial outlets. Cassala was fortified, and became the strategical point in Taka near the Abyssinian frontier. Gallabat, which was an Abyssinian town at the date of my visit in 1861, was subsequently added to Egyptian rule. In 1869-1875, the khedive Ismail Pacha annexed the entire Nile basin to the equator.

This enormous territory comprises a great variety of tribes. Those north of the equator to the Blue Nile are more or less of the negro type, but the deserts are peopled by Arabs of distinct origin, some of whom arrived as conquerors from the east coast of the Red Sea at a period so remote that authority is merely legendary.

The inhabitants of Dongola possess a language of their own, while all other Arab tribes, excepting the Haddendowas, speak Arabic. The deserts from Cairo to the Blue Nile comprise the following tribes: Bedouins, Bishareens, Haddendowas, Jahleens, Dabainas, Shokkeereaks, Beni Amers, Kunanas, Rufars, Hamadas, Hamrans, Halhongas, and Abbadiehs. The west borders of the Nile contain the Bagaras, Kabbabeesh, Dongolawas, and some others. All these people were well in hand, and subservient to the Egyptian government within my knowledge of the country from 1861 to 1874.

The White Nile tribes from Khartum to the equator, including the inhabitants of Darfur and Kordofan, are beyond enumeration.

The occupations of these various races depend mainly upon the conditions of their localities. Those lands which are well watered by a periodical rainfall, are cultivated with dhurra (sorghum), sesamé, cotton, and a variety of native produce; while the desert Arabs are mainly employed in pastoral pursuits, breeding camels, sheep, goats, and cattle, which they exchange for the necessary cereals.

It may be readily imagined that an immense area of wild desert is required for the grazing of such flocks and herds. The stunted shrubs, and the scant herbage which are found within the hollows, where the water from an occasional thun-

derstorm has concentrated, and given sustenance to a wiry vegetation, are quickly devoured by the hungry animals that rove over the barren wilderness.

The Arabs must continually move their camps in search of fresh pasturage, and the sufferings of the half-starved beasts are intensified by the distance from water which of necessity increases as they wander further from the wells. I have seen many places where the cattle drink only upon alternate days, and must then march twenty miles to the watering-place. I have always considered that the Arabs are nomadic from necessity, and not from an instinctive desire to wander, and that a supply of water for irrigation would attract them to settle permanently as cultivators of the soil. There are certain seasons when it becomes imperative to remove the cattle from rich lands into the sandy deserts, at the approach of the periodical rains, to avoid the mud, and more especially to escape from the dreaded scourge, the fly; but an exodus of the camels and stock, together with their attendants, would not affect those who remained behind to cultivate corn and cotton during the favorable time.

The fertile area of the Soudan north of the Blue Nile is almost unlimited, but there cannot be any practical development until the means of transport shall be provided. At the present moment there would be no possibility of extending the area of cultivation with a view to export, as the supply of camels would be insufficient for the demand. In 1873, Moomtaz Pacha, an energetic Circassian, was governor of the Soudan, and he insisted that every village should cultivate a certain amount of cotton in proportion to the population; this was simply experimental. The quantity produced was so extraordinary that the camel-owners seized the opportunity to strike for higher rates, as they well know the absolute necessity of crop-time. An immense amount of cotton remained ungathered, and fell upon the ground like snow, as the unfortunate cultivators had no means of conveying it to market. Moomtaz Pacha was declared to be insane, but on the contrary he had proved the great producing power of the soil and population, though at the same time he had demonstrated the utter futility of agricultural extension until railway communication should ensure the means of transport.

The Soudan must be regarded in the light of a rich country to which there is practically no access. It would be of the

greatest value if developed by modern engineering, but it will remain as a millstone upon the neck of Egypt unless such means of transport are encouraged without delay.

There is probably no other country so eminently adapted for the cultivation of cotton as the Soudan. The soil is extremely rich; the climate is perfection, as there is a perfect dryness in the atmosphere, which during the process of ripening and gathering is indispensable. The cotton can be dried, cleaned, and packed without a moment's hindrance from adverse weather; and, were railway communication established to Souakim, the crop would be shipped direct to Liverpool within three weeks by steamer.

The cultivation of flax and hemp is entirely neglected, but these valuable commodities could be produced to any extent upon the fat soil bordering the Atbara River, between Sofi and Kadarif.

In England we are so fully occupied with the affairs of every-day life, and our food supply is delivered with such unbroken regularity, that few persons consider the danger of a sudden interruption that would be caused during a time of war in which we might be ourselves engaged. We are a hungry nation, dependent upon foreign shores for our supply of wheat, and our statesmen should devote particular attention to ensure that supply under any circumstances; otherwise the democratic power which they are about to raise will be exerted in a manner that may surprise the ministers of the day, when the high price of wheat shall have doubled the cost of the quartern loaf.

There is no portion of the world that will be better guarded in time of war than the route from Egypt to Great Britain. With Cyprus, Malta, and Gibraltar in our possession, the Mediterranean will be secured from Alexandria to the Straits.

It is accordingly important to provide a food supply that would be transported through the well-protected route. The Soudan would supply England with the two great commodities required — cotton and wheat.

The development of the Soudan should be encouraged and positively undertaken by England now that events are driving us to assume a responsible control. There is no possibility of internal improvement without the employment of foreign capital; and there will be no investment of such capital until confidence in the stability of the administration shall be established. Of this there can be no hope, until Egypt

shall be in the acknowledged position of being the protected ally of England. If that should be accomplished, we should quickly see reforms in the Soudan that would within two or three years exhibit an extraordinary change both in the people and in the resources of the country. At present it is in a state of nature. Nothing has been done by the government to encourage the industry of the people; on the contrary, they have been ill-treated and oppressed. Before the rainy season, the surface of the earth, parched and denuded of all semblance of vegetation by the burning sun, is simply scratched by a small tool similar to an inferior Dutch hoe, and a few grains of dhurra are dropped into a hole, hardly one inch in depth. This is repeated at distances of about two feet. The rain commences towards the end of May, and in a few days the dhurra shoots appear above the ground. The extreme richness of the soil, aided by plenteous rains and a warm sun, induces a magical growth, which starts the hitherto barren wilderness into life. The surface of the country which in the rainless months appeared a desert incapable of producing vegetation, bursts suddenly into a brilliant green, and the formerly sun-burnt area assumes the appearance of rich velvet, as it becomes carpeted throughout with the finest grass. Dhurra that first threw up delicate shoots above the hardened and ill-tilled soil, grows with extreme rapidity to the height of nine or ten feet, and the produce can be imagined from the fact that I once counted 4,840 grains in only one head of this prolific sorghum. Cotton, and all other vegetation, grows with similar vigor immediately after the commencement of the rains.

This picture of abundance is confined to those districts which are beneath the influence of the rainy zone, but there are other lands equally rich and capable of production which must be cultivated by artificial irrigation. In the absence of any organized method such as exists in Lower Egypt by the extension of a canal system, the banks of rivers, including the Rahad, Blue Nile, and Main Nile, are alone watered by the ordinary cattle-wheels (sakeeyahs); the cultivation is accordingly restricted to a comparatively small area that is within the power of irrigation by the simple machinery of the inhabitants.

If any person will study the map of the Soudan, he will at once observe the natural facilities for a general plan of irriga-

tion that would combine the supply of water with the means of transport by canals. As the uniform drainage is from S.E. to N.W., the rivers Rahad, Dinder, Blue Nile, and Atbara, traverse the rich lands of the Soudan exactly in the same direction. These rivers are impetuous torrents, which by their extreme velocity quickly exhaust themselves after the termination of the rains in Abyssinia. A series of weirs upon the Rahad, Dinder, and Atbara, would thoroughly control the waters, that would thus be kept at higher levels, and would enable them to be conducted by canals throughout the fertile lands which at present are neglected in the absence of sufficient moisture. As those rivers are unnavigable, the weirs might be constructed in the most simple manner, as there is no traffic to require special adaptation.

A railway has been suggested from Souakim to Berber. This would be a half-measure, and a mistake, as Berber is below the last cataract of the Nile, and common sense would dictate that the river terminus should be above the most southern obstruction. Although with good pilotage a steamer can ascend the Shendy cataract without much danger, there are many reasons that would be in favor of a terminus where the river is navigable throughout the Blue and the White Niles, which would enable the produce of the interior to be transported by vessels from the equatorial regions without the slightest hindrance.

The south wind blows regularly for six months every year, and thus it would be impossible for sailing vessels, after having delivered their cargoes at Berber, to re-ascend the river to Khartoum, unless by the difficult and tedious process of towing against the rapid current.

A railway from Souakim might be constructed with no great difficulty, excepting the total absence of limestone for preparing the mortar necessary for bridges. The lime would either be brought from Egypt, or it must be burnt at Souakim from the coral reefs. It might be cheaper and better if sent direct from Marseilles.

There is a perplexing necessity in bridging countless torrent beds throughout the desert route in the absence of one drop of water. Nevertheless, this precaution is absolutely necessary, as occasional storms of extreme violence would tear down and destroy any works that were not adequately protected. Another drawback to the construction of the railway would be the want of water, except at long intervals

of two days' march. The first preliminary work should be devoted to an exploration of the substrata by boring apparatus that might discover springs in places as yet unexplored. I have no doubt that water exists in very many localities beyond the search of the desert Arabs, who are ill-provided with tools, and are contented with wells at intervals of twenty-four hours' march. It is quite possible that artesian wells might be the result of boring at depths far below any that could be attained except by aid of the machine. Force-pumps should be arranged, which might be worked by camels, and the route from Souakim would probably be supplied with water without much difficulty.

If the railway should be carried from Souakim to the Nile above the last cataract, the distance would be about three hundred and forty miles. The bridge that would cross the Atbara River should combine the "barrage," which would control the stream by means of sluice-gates, and the water would be led into canals for irrigation; at the same time those channels would convey the produce of the cultivated area direct to the several stations on the railway.

If the waters of the Atbara and other rivers were thus confined, instead of being permitted to waste their volume by the impetuosity of their streams, we should be enabled to store a supply for agricultural purposes to be in readiness for the various stages of cultivation.

Nothing should be lightly undertaken, and no contracts should be entered upon for any line of railway until a competent commission shall have decided upon a general plan of agricultural development for the Soudan. The first railway will be the parent of other lines, and the harmony of the whole system will depend upon a careful plan that shall have been pre-arranged, to include irrigation and canal traffic as feeders to the main artery.

There can be little doubt that eventually the entire Nile will be controlled by a system of masonry weirs similar to the bunds which are the great engineering works upon the rivers of India. Such a system would render the Nile navigable throughout its course from Khartum to Cairo, and would ensure irrigation at all seasons of the year, irrespective of the usual period of inundation. In the flood-time of the high Nile the surplus waters would be led into natural depressions that would form vast reservoirs, from which canals would lead the required volume to distant districts at a lower level. The

water-power at every successive dam would be enormous, and could be used for driving the machinery that is necessary for the cleaning of cotton, prior to the operation of packing for exportation.

The English who have visited the Soudan may be counted upon the fingers, and yet we hear a cry from the lips of ignorance, "Give up the Soudan, and confine the limits of Egypt to the first cataract at Assouan!"

The spirit of England appears to have undergone a lamentable change. The instant that a severe reverse startles the trembling nerves of pessimists, there is a sudden yell for retreat from the dangerous position. Candahar was abandoned. From the Transvaal there was a general skedaddle. If the unfortunate General Hicks had succeeded in Kordofan, England would loudly have proclaimed the victory under British leadership; but a serious reverse at once inverts the picture, and the roar of the British lion is thundered for retreat! Such a cry respecting the Soudan would be a proof of the most cowardly ignorance. It is the unfortunate fashion of modern times for those who know absolutely nothing of a subject to become most positive in the expression of opinion—especially upon foreign affairs. The same person who as a stranger to the locality would not presume to argue upon the neighborhood of Richmond or the river Thames, will audaciously advance his views upon the Soudan and the sources of the Nile. People who are hardly respected upon the local board of a county town, are firm in their opinions upon Tonquin and Afghanistan. Certain newspapers are equally presumptuous, and reflect the ignorance of their subscribers.

If the Soudan were abandoned, the following consequences would assuredly ensue, which would ultimately endanger the existence of the more civilized country—Lower Egypt.

The entire Soudan, which is inhabited by many and various races, would relapse into complete anarchy and savagedom. A constant civil war would be waged; cultivation would be interrupted; trade would cease. The worst elements of debased human nature (which must be seen, to be understood, in those regions) would be uncontrolled, and the whole energies of the population would be concentrated in the slave-trade. The White Nile—where General Gordon has devoted the best years of his life, and where I laid the foundation before him, in the hope



that the seeds then sown would at some future day bear fruit — would become the field for every atrocity that can be imagined. Even those naked savages believed our promises: "that England would protect them from slavery." They would be abandoned to every conceivable outrage, and the slave-hunting would recommence upon a scale invigorated by the repression of the last thirteen years, but suddenly withdrawn.

The anarchy of the Soudan would call upon the scene another power — Abyssinia. The march from Gallabat upon Khartum is the most certain movement, and could hardly be resisted, if well organized.

A portion of the Soudan would certainly be annexed by Abyssinia. Other portions after long civil conflict would have determined themselves into little kingdoms, and the whole would be hostile forces beyond the Egyptian frontier. The state of tension would entail the necessity of a military force in Egypt that would be a crushing burden upon her revenue. A sensible communication from H. H. Prince Ibrahim Hilmy Pacha to the *Times* a few days since directed public attention to the fact, that one of the great works of his Highness Ismail Pacha, the khedive, was the establishment of the Nilometer at Khartum, together with the telegraph. Every day throughout the year the height of the Nile is telegraphed to Cairo, and during the period of threatened inundation the government at lower Egypt is kept informed of the approaching flood which is hurrying towards the delta. Twenty or twenty-four days must elapse before the volume of Soudan water can reach Egypt, and thus time is allowed for the strengthening of embankments to resist an invasion which formerly arrived without warning, and devastated the most fertile provinces of the country. There cannot be a more striking example of the results of scientific development; the few minutes of time occupied by the telegraphic message through a course of fourteen hundred miles, paralyzes the attack of an enemy whose advance was formerly overwhelming.

Should the Soudan be lost to Egypt, the control of the river will have ceased. There will be no scope for future extension. The commerce of the interior will be ruined. The prestige of the country will have departed. The success of a southern insurrection will be a dangerous example for the northern provinces, and for the Arab tribes from Syria to Arabia.

No government can afford to lose a province through insurrection; it is the first wrench which precedes a general dislocation.

It has been frequently asked, for what object is this rebellion headed by the Mahdi? What is the desired aim? Why is a population that was hitherto so docile and easily governed suddenly exasperated into revolt? On March 25, 1882, when opinions differed concerning the movements of Arabi Bey, and long before the British government had framed a policy, the *Times* published a letter from myself which included the following paragraphs:

The movement of Arabi Bey resolves itself into one of two questions: It is either sanctioned by the ruling powers, the Sultan and the Khedive, or it is adverse to those powers. If it is sanctioned by those authorities, it is contrary to the spirit of the firman which granted the powers of control to Europe. If it is adverse to the rulers of Egypt, it is rebellion.

The results will be quickly visible. A period of mistrust and disturbance will be seized upon as an excuse for the non-payment of taxes. The revenue will diminish, while military expenses will increase. Abyssinia has long coveted a port upon the Red Sea, and has claimed a considerable portion of the Soudan. Should the patronage of England be withdrawn from Egypt, there may be extreme danger of an invasion from Abyssinia. *A very slight encouragement would induce a general rising of the Arab tribes of the Soudan.* Should the declaration against the slave-trade [Arabi's] be sincere, there will assuredly be difficulties with the Arab slave-traders and with the provinces of Darfur and Upper Egypt. I am no alarmist, neither am I a holder of Egyptian stocks under the control of Arabi Bey, but I foresee trouble and dislocation in the affairs of Egypt, which were prosperous and well organized until the reformer intruded himself upon the scene.

This forecast of a disastrous future has been terribly verified by events, although as usual the prophecy was unheeded at the time of utterance. It may be asked, upon what grounds were those words of warning raised at a time when England was deaf to such a cry? Look back to the frightful picture described in "Ismaïlia" — pp. 22-23 — in the first month of 1870, for a reply, and Englishmen will form their own opinion of the merits of the case. I had returned to the upper Nile, which I had left flourishing in 1864:

Khartum was not changed externally; but I had observed with dismay a frightful change in the features of the country between Berber and the capital since my last visit. The rich soil on the banks of the river, which had a few

years since been highly cultivated, had been abandoned. Now and then a tuft of neglected date-palms might be seen, but the river's banks, formerly verdant with heavy crops, had become a wilderness. Villages once crowded had entirely disappeared; the population was gone. Irrigation had ceased. The night, formerly discordant with the creaking of countless water-wheels, was now silent as death. There was not a dog to howl for a lost master. Industry had vanished; oppression had driven the inhabitants from the soil.

This terrible desolation was caused by the Governor-general of the Soudan, who although himself an honest man, trusted too much to the honesty of others, who preyed upon the inhabitants.

The population of the richest province in the Soudan fled from oppression and abandoned the country; the greater portion betook themselves to the slave-trade of the White Nile, where in their turn they could trample upon the rights of others; where, as they had been plundered, they would be able to plunder; where they could reap the harvest of another's labor; and where, free from the restrictions of a government, they might indulge in the exciting and lucrative enterprise of slave-hunting.

Thousands had forsaken their homes and commenced a life of brigandage upon the White Nile.

This was the state of the country for a distance of two hundred miles, from Berber to Khartum! and the miserable picture was an example of the general condition of the Soudan.

The exasperation of the people was subsequently intensified by the vigorous attack upon the slave-trade of the White Nile. It may be readily imagined that the suppression of that traffic, in which so many thousands were engaged, was an additional incentive to rebellion. The armed gangs of Akād attacked the troops under my command; and subsequently General Gordon was involved in conflicts of considerable duration. The crushing defeats of the slave-hunters in those several engagements quenched their spirit for the moment; but the fire still slumbered, and was ready to blaze afresh upon a favorable opportunity. The English element had been withdrawn from the Soudan on the retirement of General Gordon. His excellent lieutenant Gessi had succumbed to fever and exhaustion, consequent upon his exertions in the baneful climate of the White Nile regions. Arabi Bey commenced a revolt in Egypt proper. The power of the khedive was overthrown, and a direct movement was commenced against all authority. Egypt was in arms against herself, as there was no other foe. The Mahdi — or rather a dervish named

Mahomet Achmet — who had long been known to the khedive H.H. Ismail Pasha, who thoroughly understood the management of such fanatics, took advantage of the general confusion of affairs and gathered a small surrounding of malcontents. A series of gross acts of mismanagement on the part of the Soudan authorities increased the influence of this extraordinary character, and a succession of defeats of the government forces at the hands of badly armed Arabs produced a contempt for the Egyptian troops, of whom the population had hitherto stood in awe. It was a natural consequence that Darfur and Kordofan, already discontented owing to the operations enforced against the slave-trade, should seize the opportunity for revolt. The rich province of Senaar followed the example, and again the government forces were defeated, while the strong garrisons both in Darfur and Kordofan were invested in their fortified positions. Those distant provinces west of the White Nile were lost, and should have been abandoned to their fate.

The English invasion of Egypt had resulted in the overthrow of Arabi and the restoration of the khedive. General Hicks, with a staff of British officers, was despatched to Khartum with specified instructions from General V. Baker Pasha to operate against Senaar. That province being situated between the Blue and White Niles offered favorable conditions for attack.

Abd-el-Kader Pasha, the governor of Khartum, was to ascend the Blue Nile with a large force and give battle to the enemy, while General Hicks with six thousand men was to command the White Nile upon the west; he would patrol the river with numerous steamers, destroy all boats, and intercept the fugitives should the rebels be defeated by Abd-el-Kader; in which case they would attempt the passage of the White Nile to retreat upon Kordofan.

These operations were successfully carried out. Abd-el-Kader defeated the Mahdi's people in Senaar, and General Hicks, having disembarked his force at the appointed station, was in time to intercept the beaten rebels who were on the march to the White Nile. It does not appear that the enemy had been demoralized by their defeat in Senaar, as they assumed the offensive upon the approach of Hicks Pasha's forces, and attacked them with such determination that it was necessary to form a square. Although General Hicks was victorious, and the enemy retired with

a loss of five hundred killed, it was impossible to follow up the victory in the absence of cavalry. Such a battle could hardly have been accepted as decisive, and Senaar should have been occupied by a line of fortified posts until the power of the government should have been thoroughly re-established.

At that period the military organization of the Soudan was transferred from General V. Baker Pasha's department to that of the minister of war. Counter instructions were given to General Hicks to fall back on Khartum, and to collect an army for the invasion and conquest of Kordofan. For this purpose General Hicks was promoted to the chief command.

An advance of two hundred and thirty miles through an enemy's country, devoid of supplies and almost waterless, in a climate of intense heat, the march of necessity through sandy desert, with a force of seven thousand men and six thousand transport camels, was a most perilous undertaking, and it has terminated in frightful disaster. The unfortunate General Hicks and his entire army have been sacrificed to the usual absurd instructions that would be issued by Egyptian authorities. Kordofan and Darfur should have been abandoned, and the government should have consolidated its power throughout the entire Soudan. If the Mahdi had been left unmolested in Kordofan, he would have quickly experienced the difference between pulling down and building up.

His forces have been united by the presence of a common enemy, but in the absence of the government troops they would have gradually dissolved. Jealousies would have arisen among the chiefs, and discontent (the certain accompaniment of inaction) would have divided the ranks of his followers. In a short time they would have quarrelled among themselves, and the fascination of the Mahdi would have disappeared.

The success that he has now achieved enhances the danger of a general uprising of the Arab tribes throughout the Soudan, and the relapse of Senaar into the anarchy that had been quelled by the victories of General Hicks and Abd-el-Kader Pasha. Fortunately, the Oriental character is prone to delay, and the Mahdi has not followed up his attack on Hicks by an immediate advance on Dongola, to which there is a direct caravan route through the desert from Kordofan. Between that country and Dongola the desert is occupied by the Kabbabeesh tribe of Arabs, who are

large owners of camels well known for their size and strength.

There should be no loss of time in arranging an organization that would protect Khartum (the capital), Dongola, Berber, and Senaar. It would be impossible for a stranger to comprehend a plan of operations for this purpose without reference to a map, but the movements would be simple, provided that the troops can be supplied. The loss of the capital would be fatal to the government — therefore Khartum must be supported. To effect this, it will be necessary to secure Dongola by British troops sent by the Nile. These would occupy Dongola, but would go no further. The moral effect of three thousand British soldiers stationed in that position would ensure the fidelity of the Kabbabeesh Arabs, who could fall back with their herds for protection should the Mahdi's forces advance across the desert. The Kabbabeesh could be employed to fill up the wells upon the route towards Kordofan. Egyptian troops, with as many black regiments as possible, should march from Korosko across the desert two hundred and thirty miles to Abou Hamed on the Nile, and thence along the river's bank to Berber, one hundred and forty-three miles. From Dongola to Berber a line of posts would be established. The great sheik of the Korosko desert, Hussein Bey Halifa, can always be depended upon. He should be charged with the transport of the troops across the desert. He should also raise those Arab tribes that are faithful to the government — the B'shareens, Dabainas, and the Shookereeyahs from the borders of the Atbara. An Arab army should advance upon Kokreb, half-way between Berber and Souakim. This is the principal oasis, which should be defended by a redoubt. When the wells from Berber to Kokreb shall have been secured, a detachment of troops should march to occupy this central position. From that point the friendly Arabs would seize all wells eastward upon the route towards Souakim, and thus by degrees advance in that direction. A force of four thousand Indian troops occupying Souakim would, in the mean time, prepare for an advance through the mountains, now occupied by the enemy who have already inflicted three defeats upon the Egyptian forces. Communication should be established between the Arabs under Hussein Halifa marching from Kokreb and the force at Souakim, in order to advance simultaneously from east and west. The enemy would

thus be attacked in front and rear. When the route from Souakim to Berber shall have been cleared, and the wells occupied throughout, the Indian troops will have marched to Berber. Supports can then be sent forward from Souakim when required. From Berber the Nile is navigable for steamers to Khartum, two hundred miles distant. Troops can therefore be transported with ease in thirteen days from Souakim. There would be by this arrangement two bases of operation — Souakim from the Red Sea, and Cairo on the Nile. The advance by the Nile would be upon both sides simultaneously — from Korosko to Berber on the east, and to Dongola through to Berber upon the west. Troops would be converging upon Berber from three different points — Souakim, Dongola, and Korosko; and Berber would then become the base for the support of Khartum and Senaar, both of which are situated upon the navigable Blue Nile.

Under a capable administration I do not see any supreme difficulty in the reorganization of the Soudan. There has been a total want of confidence between the governing power and those who were governed, and a general and radical reform is necessary. The first consideration should be the actual requirements of the people. "What do you really want?" is the question that must be answered. The simple reply will be, "JUSTICE."

Unless under British supervision this will never be attained — the Egyptian officials are hopeless.

It is impossible to obtain good service unless those who are employed receive their due amount of salary. The sheiks of Arab tribes should be liberally and punctually remunerated if their loyalty is to be relied upon. Hussein Halifa Bey should be made a pasha if he proves faithful to the government in their necessity. A few decorations distributed among the prominent sheiks of various tribes would be highly prized, and would produce good service.

A British high commissioner should be sent to Berber to inquire into the actual demands and necessities of the people. He will be appalled at the hosts of grievances; he will also be disgusted with the shameful facts of extortion and oppression.

Although the revolt must be crushed with an iron hand to prevent a recurrence of such insurrections, I sympathize with a downtrodden people, whom, if I had been an Arab, I should have been the first to lead. Much good might be ef-

fectured by an impartial judgment, and the wild inhabitants of the deserts have a keen sense of right and wrong according to the just precepts of the Koran. If force alone shall be used, the rebellion may be stunned; but the spirit of discontent will rankle in the hearts of the population. There should be a combination of force together with diplomacy, and a resolve on the part of the authorities to administer pure justice.

A rectification of frontier will be absolutely necessary before any development of internal resources can be expected. The White Nile should be the boundary of Egypt upon the west as far as the station of Fashoda. An arrangement must be entered into with Abyssinia; a well-defined boundary line must be agreed upon, and be occupied by a chain of government forts.

The encroachments of Egypt upon Abyssinia have been continual, though by slow degrees, and were only checked by the total destruction of three *corps d'armée*, which suffered the usual fate of Egyptian military enterprises. These victories have encouraged the hopes of Abyssinia, which lays claim to a considerable portion of the Soudan, and have increased the danger of an invasion during an opportunity when general disturbance has paralyzed the power of Egypt. A dog-in-the-manger policy has been pursued towards her neighbor which is adverse to the interests of both countries. Egypt should benefit by commercial relations with Abyssinia; instead of which she has destroyed all power of development by excluding that unfortunate country from the sea-border. After the succession of defeats which Egypt suffered in her invasion, it would be impossible for her to assume the initiative in proposing a rectification of frontier and a commercial treaty. Such an invitation can only be given through the medium of England. Masawa might be offered to Abyssinia as an outlet for her commerce under certain stipulated conditions, together with the province of Boghos, which was originally Abyssinian. An excellent frontier line might be arranged from Gallabat along the Atbara to Tomat near Sofi, at the junction of the Settite River, and the Mareb or Gash in the south of Cassala. Thence along the mountains, including Boghos to Masawa.

If Abyssinia were thus generously encouraged, a most important development would be the immediate result. The highlands of that country are remarkably

healthy; coffee is a natural production, which at the present moment finds its way through Gallabat for the supply of Khartum and the entire Soudan, in exchange for cotton, and Maria Theresa dollars. If Abyssinia possessed a seaport, we should quickly experience the benefit of a new outlet both for British manufactures, and for the general productions of that country.

The important question still remains unanswered, how are the necessary changes and reforms in the Soudan to be carried out?

First of all, it has to be reconquered. After that, it must be reorganized. It must then be governed upon liberal principles. Who is to do all this?

Much as I deplore the necessity, I believe the task must be undertaken by Great Britain, if we intend to reconstruct the shattered administration of the khedive. But no half-measures will be effective. No pea-and-thimble tricks will gain the confidence of natives — no sudden disappearance of the pea of British responsibility from one thimble to the other; we must either become responsible for the whole or nothing. The Soudan and Egypt cannot be separated — they are as necessary to each other as England and Scotland. It is not indispensable that they shall be administered by the same laws: the races of the Soudan are a strong contrast to those of the lower delta, and they require a paternal government; somewhat after the model of our Indian viceroy and council. Any radical programme including a representative assembly would be utterly absurd. The Oriental mind concentrates its respect upon the individual representative of *power*, which means government. The present attitude of England in Egypt does not represent *power*, but simply *obstruction*.

The policy of withdrawal of our military force produced consternation in the minds of all those who had real experience of the country. Had this been carried out, the khedive would have been dethroned within a month. Events most calamitous have suddenly awakened our authorities to the true aspect of the situation: the Soudan in wide-spread insurrection; the provinces of Kordofan and Darfur lost; the routes of communication in the hands of the enemy; a total want of confidence in the British administration in Lower Egypt; Alexandria still in ruins, as no Europeans have the courage to rebuild, *because England intends to evacuate the country*; the Egyptian army destroyed,

excepting the small force of Sir Evelyn Wood, which apparently is not allowed to move; a deficit in the revenue of more than two millions and a half, and four millions due for indemnities at Alexandria; bankruptcy staring us in the face; the preference stock at 86, which stood at 96 a week after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir! This is the state of Egypt after the benefit of fifteen months of British interference. And this is the result of a half-hearted policy of half-measures, which means ruin alike in private affairs and in public administration. England must become the determined ally and the adviser of Egypt. This position, represented by a permanent military force, will change the scene and assure the prosperity of the country.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

#### TEMPTED BY OPPORTUNITY.

"Opportunity creates a sinner: at least it calls him into action, and, like the warming sun, invites the sleeping serpent from his hole." — OWEN FELTHAM.

WE left Teddy Lessingham and his sick friend on the threshold of Lady Matilda's own snug little sitting-room, the recipients of a warm and unexpected welcome.

The two great, big, unmannerly fellows stood agape at the extent of their good fortune, and it was Matilda herself who pushed round the armchair for Mr. Challoner to sit in; it was her hands which piled up the wood fire, and placed a screen in front of the invalid; while at the same time questions, condolences, and congratulations fell musically upon his ear.

Teddy's spirits rose on the instant. "This is jolly," he said; "I do hope we shall have no one else come in; Robert or anybody; I expect it is too bad for other people. Hitchin was right about your not going down-stairs, Challoner — it is much pleasanter here; even when it rains there is always something to look at from this window; and I don't know how it is, but I do like small rooms better than large ones. Now, Challoner, don't you?"

"An unfair question." It was his sister who answered. "A shabby, impertinent, home-thrusting question, and not to be repeated. Mr. Challoner being in my room, and in my *small* room, shall not be called



upon to prefer it to any other. I will not have him so ill treated. He has been wounded in our service, — oh yes, that was certainly the case, — wounded, and is now in hospital, or, as seamen say, in dock for repairs. He is to be repaired under careful supervision; he is to be tenderly dealt with; Teddy shall not —”

“I’m as good to him as ever I can be!” cried Teddy, staring.

The next point was, did Mr. Challoner feel quite warm? Did he feel any draught?

He felt no draught, he felt a delicious sense of luxury in mind and body, he felt that he was yielding to a spell which had already begun to work, and against which he could no longer struggle; and he felt that, come what might, for good or for evil, he would not now be anywhere else for the world.

He might be a fool? He would be a fool, then. He might be worse? Worse, then: so be it.

He had not of his own accord come to this enchanted spot, and stepped within the magic circle, but he had been brought thither against his will, by a fate which, so he told himself, had been too powerful for him, — so now he would have it out with fate, and see which was the winner in the game; he would not again try to escape, but he himself would dare himself, and dare the worst himself could do.

Throughout the past week he had been casting about in his mind how to evade this moment. He had never meant to see Matilda again, should he once turn his back on the grim walls of Overton Hall; he had seen once, and it had been enough; ever since the night on which she had knelt by his side, clasping her hands upon his arm, with her lovely, weary, patient face turned from him, and her ringing voice silent to him, and no smiles for him, and no eyes for him, he had never had her image far from his fancy. He told himself that he had escaped by the skin of his teeth. That had been in Whewell’s place — the favored Whewell’s place — he had fallen a victim far, far more mortally wounded than Whewell had been. Whewell? Pah! How could he, or such as he, appreciate a Matilda?

And Matilda’s fair form night and day, sometimes beautiful and gracious, sometimes frowning and scornful, but mingled ever with that of another, had run through and through, and twisted subtly in and out of every feverish vision — Matilda, always Matilda, — and always Matilda beheld with love, distress, and shame.

If he had only gone while those feelings prevailed! If only that miserable doctor had not been suffered to interfere and bar the door with his preposterous dictums! Tempting a man who was doing what he could to escape from temptation; drawing back a man into the flames who was flying from fire!

Well, it was all over now; it was at an end now; it was of no use looking back and lamenting over what might have been. He would stand aloof no longer; the gods were against it: here he was, fast bound, losing not a note of the soft voice, a fall of the dark eyelash, a turn of the graceful head; here he was, drinking in with every sense the draught that should have been to him a deadly poison, breathing the fumes of the intoxicating cup, bending over it, clasping it in his arms, — here he was, and here he would remain; he had thrown up the contest for the nonce, overpowered.

And this was the unobserving, indiscriminating, passive, stony Challoner: this the discreet friend; the uninteresting and uninterested man; the over-modest stranger, who now stood in such excellent contrast to the over-bold one. No, my lady, you are the very least bit out in your calculations this time. Talk away; it is all very nice and simple, isn’t it? Mr. Whewell may come now if he chooses, may he not? Whewell is the person to be thought about; Whewell has to be cold-shouldered unfortunately; and Whewell should have known better, and he is a troublesome fellow, and must be got rid of: but poor Mr. Challoner, who is so good and so cold, and who has been so very, very badly used, he shall see now that Matilda can own herself in the wrong, and is not ashamed to show it.

And she does show it, and she has never shown to greater advantage in her life.

“If only those *Endhills* will stop away now,” inwardly comments Teddy, observant and delighted. “If only this hurricane will keep up and blow them all in at their own door, should they ever attempt to come out of it! Challoner gets on first-rate with Matilda to-day; how they are talking! Thatchap can talk, I see, when he chooses. We shall have them quite good friends directly, and then he can stay on as long as he likes.”

Meantime his sister’s thoughts ran thus: “Well, now I see the man, he is not at all disagreeably ugly. His eyes are grey and soft; I rather like them; they do not look very clever or penetrat-

ing—but then we cannot all be clever and penetrating. They look nice, good, quiet eyes,—not suggestive, perhaps, not capable of a vast amount of damage, but very well in their way; quite up to the rest of the face in fact."

The rest of the face was nothing much to boast of: skin, dark-red and sunburnt; nose, hard and a little crooked; mouth, large, steady, and slightly drawn down at the corners; the mild and pensive expression of the whole just dashed by a certain squareness and ruggedness of the chin, which seemed out of harmony if one had time to think about it, but which was usually overlooked by the people who characterized Mr. Challoner as a quiet-looking man.

He had neither moustache, beard, nor whiskers, although his hair, which was of no particular shade of dusky color, grew so closely round the temples that it suggested these would have been easily forthcoming, and would have been good of their kind. The head was well shapen, and well set on a pair of magnificent shoulders.

All of this was for the first time manifest to Lady Matilda. Until now she had seen Challoner without seeing him; she had been conscious of a lay figure somewhere behind other people, of a dim outline tall enough and broad enough to block up half the window at Endhill, and of a somewhat coarse, and, as she had then fancied it, stolid visage, now and then coming into the focus when she had looked at random up and down the table on the occasion of her last dinner-party. Afterwards she had contemplated the face with a shudder, when her own excited imagination had run riot over the accident, and that had been all; to the real Challoner not a moment's attention had been given.

Now, however, he was to be treated differently. "See," said the hostess, pointing to a piece of needlework on an antique screen in front of her,—"see, Mr. Challoner, I must tell you the story of this. This is a fine piece of old tapestry, worked, it is said, by one of my very greatest of great-grandmothers. Good lady, she must have had little time for anything else, if all the work in this house wherewith she is accredited, really and truly was done by her. Now, look at this piece. These are Moors: here sits the Moorish king among his beauties; that one is the favorite, or has been the favorite so far, but you see he now turns from her and bestows his royal attention else-

where, on this damsel with the musical instrument in her hand, which he is pointing to as he presses her to play and sing. She is willing enough, I should say, smiling and nodding her consent; but the other, the neglected fair one, is very much put out indeed, and a fit of the sulks is to my mind inevitable. What do you think? Am I right? Is his Moorish majesty to have a bad time of it; or will the lady pocket her affront, and be content to play when she is asked in her turn, but to play—second fiddle?"

"An awkward position certainly, Lady Matilda," Challoner looked calmly in the speaker's face. "A bad business. The king should—should have managed better."

"Oh, poor man, that is being too severe! 'How happy could he be with either!' you know; but that is what a man never does know, and never will learn. A woman is different; she is less exorbitant, less exacting. One lover, that is to say, one whole lover, one lover all to herself suffices her. Of course she does not like to share him—witness this scene," nodding to the picture; "but then that is only fair. Who would have an eye or an ear of a man with two eyes and two ears?"

"You think she should have all or nothing."

"Precisely; all or nothing."

"Yet, Lady Matilda, half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Better, indeed! What a base idea, Mr. Challoner! Half such a loaf as that too," indicating the luckless Moor. "No, indeed; the fair one is not so simple as to content herself with a paltry share, and no more would any true woman."

"*You* would not, I bet," said Teddy, finding at last something to understand in all this. "I pity the poor beggar who tries it on with you."

"We are not talking of me, dear; we are talking about pictures, or rather about this trumpery imitation of one," yawned his sister, pushing back the screen. "There, Moor, retire to oblivion." But Teddy had been cogitating as she spoke.

"It's all very fine for Matilda to talk," observed he now to Challoner; "she pretends to be down on other women, but she wouldn't like it herself. She can't stand anybody interfering with her—"

"My dear boy, take your elbows out of my lap," impatiently.

"And if a fellow made up to her and to any one else at the same time," proceeded Teddy, doggedly bent on a hearing—

"Nonsense!" cried Matilda, with a frown.

"Oh, it's very well to say 'nonsense,' but the very devil's in you,—oh, I say, you are not going?"

She was, with tears in her eyes; but they brought her back, and placed her again between them, and Teddy knelt at her feet, and Challoner begged for forgiveness as though he too had offended, and the ruffled brow smoothed again, and the burning cheek cooled as the afternoon wore on, and seemed only to wear too fast away. But it was curious that the trifling episode was destined never altogether to pass from the minds of two of those present.

#### CHAPTER XV.

#### HOPING STILL.

"There are none so blind as those that will not see."

WIND and rain could not continue forever, so that although there was no abatement of the blast which still howled and moaned among the ocean cliffs, and whistled over the bare, unprotected downs above, there was on the following day a decided cessation of the torrents which had hitherto poured down as it had seemed from exhaustless fountains.

Towards afternoon, indeed, the clouds ceased to empty themselves at all, and scurried harmlessly across the sky, leaving here and there openings through which gleams of pale sunlight stole; and thus it came to pass that, after repeated tappings of the barometer, and investigations from the front door, Mr. Frank Whewell at length found himself in a position to point out that there was nothing to prevent any one—any one, at least, with thick boots and a great coat—from indulging in a good walk. A good walk would do them both good—the "both" referring to his friend Hanwell and himself, and the "good walk" being of course to Overton Hall.

As the weather had really improved, and as nothing could be brought forward on the other hand, host and hostess were graciously pleased to approve the proposal—Robert not unwilling himself to escape from four walls and Sunday magazines, and Lotta to hear what was going on at the other house.

Moreover, she affirmed that as nothing had been heard of Mr. Challoner for a whole day, and as he was still *their* guest, though detained by misfortune elsewhere, it would be only right to look after his welfare. To have gone the day before,

that frightful day, would have been foolish,—it would have been more, an unnecessary attention, since Mr. Whewell had called at Overton on the Friday, and had sat an hour in Mr. Challoner's room; but as no one had gone yesterday, and as no messenger had come over from the Hall either, she must own she thought it a good arrangement for the two gentlemen to walk thither now, inquire after the invalid, and find out when he would be able to return to Endhill. Return to Endhill he certainly must, to complete his visit.

Mr. Whewell joyfully undertook to satisfy her, both as friend and hostess. He had been in his own mind bitterly indignant with Lotta all the evening before, considering that to her more than to Robert he owed it that he had been prevented going to Lord Overton's as usual: Lotta had stood out against all his representations and entreaties, had assured him she had no anxiety for tidings, and no desire to send messages; and he had not been able even to make her see that her mother and uncles would expect him.

She had been sure that they would not expect him, and had, indeed, told her husband apart that what would be said would be this, that they were unable to amuse their own guest for a single day, and that he had been driven to Overton from sheer dearth of entertainment at home. This had touched Robert's weakest part, and he too had strenuously set himself against the going, so that a dull and sullen evening had been spent, and an equally uncongenial morning had followed, until the first lucky break in the clouds had induced the resolute barrister to make his proposition afresh. It had been met amiably, and he was at once restored to good-humor.

He was now anxious to wipe out of everybody's recollection the fact that he had previously been annoyed and had shown his annoyance; and so well did he succeed, and so entirely was peace restored, that Mrs. Hanwell sent her love twice over, and begged Mr. Whewell to remember to tell her mother that she would *not* be at home on Wednesday, and *would* be at home on Thursday, should Lady Matilda say anything about coming over.

All smooth behind: now forward; now for Overton.

"And what did you do with yourselves yesterday? How did you pass the time yesterday?" he began with animation, the first greetings past. "We had a miserable day of it," aside to Lady Matilda.

"You pitied us, I hope? Our only consolation was that you were pitying us, as we were you; we were in sympathy, at all events. But how wretched it was! Hanwell and I had had enough of each other hours before dinner-time; and I am sure Mrs. Hanwell wished us both anywhere else. Had it rested with me," lower still, "had it been left to me, I need hardly say where I should have been."

"Back in London, of course," rejoined she easily; "back in your dear Pall Mall and Piccadilly. No one blames you," as he looked denial; "no one expects anything else. London people can scarcely be supposed to enter into the delights of a really wet day in the country; I do not mean a half-and-half wet day, when it rains and clears and rains again, but a perfectly hopeless, eventless, dead-and-buried wet day, without the chance of a visitor, or the sound of the door-bell —"

"I know — I know. But," said Whewell delighted, "your doorbell would have rung once at least yesterday, if I had had my will. I protested as much as I could; I did indeed. And could I have, — I mean would Mr. and Mrs. Hanwell have allowed it, I should have been in the body where I already was in the spirit — here."

"Here? Oh no. We never" — Lady Matilda opened her eyes, and drew herself up ever so slightly — "never expected any of you. Had you come here, you would have wished yourself back again, I assure you. You like lively doings, and there was nothing going on here — nothing amusing to bring you. We did not even go into the billiard-room; we just sat round the fire and talked."

"And yawned in each other's faces."

"Yawned? Well, no; I do not think we did yawn; I have no recollection of yawning."

"You were not so ill-mannered: you only wished you could have taken the liberty, instead of taking it; you said as we did, 'When, oh, when, will it be — dinner-time?'"

"I doubt if we made the remark," said Matilda drily.

"Challoner is all right again, I see," continued her companion, after a momentary pause. "Is this — I presume this is his first appearance down-stairs?"

"Down-stairs; yes. He sat in the boudoir yesterday; the doctor thought he ought not to go down-stairs, the day was so bad."

"For fear of a chill, you know. In a large house like this there are so many

passages," responded Whewell, conversant with everything; "where you have so many passages there must be draughts, and, of course, about dinner-time all the spring-doors would be open. I — ah — I suppose Challoner only got up at dinner-time?"

"Oh no; he was up in his room all day, I believe, and he came into the boudoir about four."

"And you were all there till eight?"

"We were; we were all there till eight. And after eight, too; we returned there for the evening."

"Oh!"

"Even Overton made one of the party. You may imagine how we were flattered; at least you may not imagine, as you don't know Overton, but to any one else that would tell its own tale."

"Of Lord Overton's boredom?"

"Oh dear, no; of our agreeability. Overton never is bored — I mean by his own company; and therein lay the compliment. He sought us out, actually sought us out, of his own choice and for his own benefit."

"You were a merry party then, it seems?" He was not to be disconcerted.

"Very. We usually are."

"It was not Mr. Challoner's doing, then?"

Whether she heard or not he could not be sure; she was appealed to at the moment, and responded to the appeal, and let Mr. Whewell's playfulness pass; and after all, it did not signify, he considered, since whatever cause he might have to feel chagrined at the cheery aspect which Lady Matilda persisted in giving to reminiscences in which he had had no share, it would have been absurd to be jealous of Challoner. She might choose to torment him, but she would never take any notice of Challoner; and as being tormented was many degrees better than being let alone, he presently plucked up spirit to try again.

"We are not in the little room to-day," he said.

"We are too large a number to-day," replied the lady.

"Might we not make an adjournment? Some of us, at least?"

"And for that, we are again too small a number."

"It is unfortunate. We are only two more than yesterday."

"Two too many." But Lady Matilda smiled, and it was impossible to tell how much was meant.

"You are — are terribly exact, I perceive," rejoined Whewell, trying to laugh; "are you always so? Would one more, for instance, have been too many yesterday?"

"Well, you could have had no chair, you know."

"I should have been *de trop*, evidently."

"You could have been accommodated with a footstool."

"At your feet?"

Again she had to affect not to hear; she was determined not to quarrel with the man. He was going on the morrow — she had heard Robert say he was going on the morrow — and to hold on only a little longer would not be hard.

"Well, no," said Matilda pleasantly; "I think, after all, I should have yielded you my chair. I think that if there had been four gentlemen I should have been the person *de trop*; I should have had to make my exit, and leave you and the other three in possession of the field. You must own, Mr. Whewell, that four to one is too many, altogether too many; as it was —"

"Your party was complete?" He was scanning her keenly.

No, she would not go as far as that. "The room was full, quite another thing," said Matilda; "but happily there are more rooms than one in the house, and no one need pretend that he was not wanted," with a charming smile, "because he was lazy and preferred staying indoors to a tiresome, disagreeable wet walk."

"Indeed, indeed," began Whewell earnestly.

"Oh dear me, there is nothing to 'indeed' about. Why, Mr. Whewell, cannot you see that I was jesting? Pray do not look so serious; you appal me."

He began to feel appalled himself. "I am sorry to offend you, Lady Matilda."

"I grant you my pardon, Mr. Whewell." With her finest mock curtsy she laughed in his face, and he thought he had never seen any one more incomprehensible. "Come," continued she, throwing off the look the next instant — "come, let us understand each other. My son-in-law has, I perceive, been infecting you with some of his notions as to the exactions of propriety. He and you have already been beyond praise in the way you have done your duty by your sick friend — Robert's sick friend, I mean — and still your con-

sciences are not satisfied, because you failed to come over in a deluge yesterday, when no sensible person would ever have thought of setting foot outside; when none of us did" (she had forgotten Teddy, but perhaps Teddy could hardly be reckoned a sensible person), "and when we should not have thought very highly of — to be precisely truthful — of you or Robert if you had. In short, nothing would have amazed us more than to see you walk in," added she, happily oblivious at the moment of another fact — namely, that she had listened throughout most of the afternoon, and through a part of it in what was almost an agony of apprehension, for his approaching step, and that she had only dared to give him up when darkness had fairly set in.

At last she felt that she had disposed of the question, and had done so without abating a hair's breadth of her dignity and sweetness, and without, she hoped, giving more pain than was absolutely necessary. That she had given some was a matter of course — he had forced it from her; and his now saying nothing further showed that he was suffering.

"Are they to be asked to stay dinner?" presently whispered Teddy in her ear. "Eh? I can't hear. Are they?"

"As Overton likes," replied his sister indifferently.

"Are they, or are they not? What do you mean? Who is to know what Overton likes?"

"Let him ask them."

"Him? Overton?"

"Yes."

"Am I to tell him to ask them?"

"Oh dear, Teddy, yes; I tell you, yes. I think he had better. I think it would be better. Go you and tell him. But pray do not show that you come straight from me; it will make it seem at once as if it were all my doing, which is just what I do not want it to be," cried poor Matilda, under her breath. "Mr. Whewell is looking at us now."

And Mr. Whewell was; and it was all as plain as day to him — or he thought it was — when, a very few minutes afterwards, he noted Lord Overton drawn aside in Teddy's most diplomatic fashion, and charged with an invitation which was fired off on the instant. His depressed spirits rose on elastic springs once more, and all Matilda's work had to be done over again.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## MATILDA WOULD HAVE PROVOKED A SAINT.

"Must then your faithful swain expire,  
And not one look obtain,  
Which he, to soothe his fond desire,  
Might pleasingly obtain?  
(Phyllis, without frown or smile,  
Saw and knotted all the while.)"

SEDLEY.

As to declining, it was not to be thought of. Without hesitation every objection was disposed of as it appeared. They had dined, certainly they had dined, and dined most plentifully in the middle of the day, and one o'clock was quite the correct hour for Sunday in the country no doubt. He wished for no more dinner, assuredly for no more *dinner*; but if Lord Overton were good enough to desire their *company*, that was another thing. And then how very glad, how devoutly thankful Mrs. Hanwell would be to be rid of them for a little longer; it would be quite a charity, quite a Sunday deed, to take two such malcontents off the poor lady's hands. And as to the dark night? It was already dark, it would be no darker four hours hence; and as he spoke he fixed his bright, black, penetrating eyes keenly, and amorously, and exultingly on Lady Matilda. That look undid him; she wondered how she could ever have found Mr. Whewell agreeable, even tolerably agreeable; and in the revulsion that had now set in, was almost ready to hope that she would never set eyes upon him again.

Never, at least, would she meet his.

On his part, Whewell fancied that his present alacrity and persistency was setting to rights whatever had been wrong before, and that, supposing Lady Matilda had (as was likely enough in spite of her making believe to the contrary), been piqued by his neglect on the previous day, she should now see that neither Robert's obstinacy nor anything else should force him from her side. He would shirk no discomforts for her sake; and since she had even gone out of her way to make her brother give the invitation instead of doing it herself, she should lose nothing by her modest coyness.

He stayed alone. Robert, true to himself and Lotta, could not be persuaded, and at length, rather to his amazement and much to his discomfiture, found himself trudging back through mud and mire, companionless, both his cherished guests left behind, both deserters, both irreclaimable. His suggestion that Challoner

should now renew his visit to Endhill had been scouted by Teddy, and even met by something like warmth on the part of Lord Overton. "Go? nonsense!" the latter had exclaimed. "We like your friend Challoner, and he seems to like us, and as we don't see many people, you have done us a good turn in bringing him here. He is going to stop on a bit, and as soon as his hand gets all right he can shoot. There is nothing to take him away." And with this his nephew had been obliged to be content.

He had no reason to complain; that Challoner and Whewell had each been in his way a success was doubtless gratifying; but still there was something in Challoner's looking so much at home, so calm and still and imperturbable and comfortable in the corner of the big sofa by the fire, so entirely as if he were *their* man — Matilda's, Overton's, and Teddy's — that, considering none of them had ever seen him ten days before, and that it was not to visit *them* but *him*, and to be godfather to *his* baby, that Challoner had come, there was something in all this, in the baby's having fallen so completely into the background, and in the present oblivion of all that had been so prominent before, that seemed to turn the whole affair topsy-turvy.

From the very beginning things had worked oddly, — he would not say even to himself amiss, but oddly, incongruously. First had been the hasty and ill-timed appearance of the brother and sister at Endhill, then Lady Matilda's absurd preference for Whewell over Challoner, then Challoner's unfortunate accident, and finally, Whewell's protracted stay. Now here they were both at Overton, both enthroned at Overton, able to do without him at Overton, in clover, and clover which he had not provided, at Overton; and here was he, neither sharing the welcome nor the good cheer to which he had been the stepping-stone, suffered to depart hungry and cheerless, and with the chance of being wet through, on his weary and solitary homeward way.

It was hard on Robert, but perhaps Whewell had not a very much better time of it in the Overton drawing-room.

He did not know how it was that he did not get on better: Matilda neither shunned him nor frowned on him, and yet he seemed to lose ground with her every hour. With her brother also: Lord Overton had never been jovial, but now he passed the wine with scarcely a remark, while Teddy only seemed to brighten at

all when he again volunteered the useful T-cart.

Certainly the thing — he knew what he meant — the thing was not to be done this time; he should have to come again — to come as soon as he could, and with the best face he could; and with this conviction he must give all his attention now to concealing his disappointment and keeping up appearances to the last. It was no easy task, and took all his tactics. He said to himself that Matilda would have provoked a saint, and that he was no saint, and that she ought to have known it; but it did not occur to him that she did know it, and that the winning manner, the instantaneous turning to him when he took a seat near, the hoping that he would have better sport another time — that next autumn, if he were down in the neighborhood, the birds would be more plentiful, — good heavens! next autumn, to a man who wished to come down next week! — that all of this, which was just what he did not want, and could have done without, was a woman's defensive armor donned on purpose. More and more gloomy grew his brow, and more and more sweet and gracious and queenlike grew her smile.

She saw that she was doing it nicely. She could not have done it more nicely. He was biting his lip with vexation at the last; and yet he feared and hated the parting hour. It seemed as if, did he let her go now, he should never get near Matilda again.

It was a wild night, and scarce a star was visible in the perturbed and disordered heavens. "We shall get along famously," said Teddy. "The roads will be as soft as butter after all this rain. I can take you round by the downs if you like, only we might find a tree or two down across our way; perhaps we had better not. Are you ready, for the mare is a bad one to stand?"

Whewell was ready. That was to say, he had said his "Good-bye," and had failed in saying more; he had received no future invitation; he had elicited no regret; and he had had to feel a cheerful shake of his hand when he had meant to impart a doleful pressure. Matilda's whole aspect throughout the evening had been cruelly, uncompromisingly brisk — brisk was the only word for it. She had not cut him off from any farewell speeches, she had been pleased to acknowledge his suitable gratitude with a suitable rejoinder, and she had walked with him to the door of the anteroom, to hope this and

that and be sorry for the other, but she had not uttered one word he had cared to hear; and his last vision, as he went his way, was of Challoner — the erewhile luckless, despised Challoner — standing on the hearthrug, as it seemed in full possession of the hearthrug, with Lord Overton by his side, and with Lord Overton's hand lying on his shoulder. Do what he could, he could not shake off that remembrance.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
EARTHQUAKE WEATHER.

THE world in general and Europe in particular has been lately visited by a marked and unusual spell of tempestuous earthquake weather. During the last twelve months, the unstable crust of this respectable and usually quiet planet, commonly but most untruthfully described as *terra firma* and the solid earth, has been thrown into a state of spasmodic commotion, shaking and quaking in a tremulous manner quite unworthy of its years and experience; for, as the astronomers have often told us, planets as they grow older ought, properly speaking, to grow progressively steadier, and leave off the undignified pranks and junketings of their fast and fiery adolescence. The past year, however, has been more than ordinarily distinguished by the frequency and scale of its volcanic and seismic phenomena. Without mentioning such common, everyday occurrences as an eruption of Vesuvius, and a shake or so at Agram, which may be looked upon as normal, two great plutonic events have illustrated the history of poor old quavering 1883, the Java catastrophe and the earthquake at Ischia. But, besides these two very big things in the volcanic line, there have been lots of minor tremblings everywhere, of purely local interest, some of them apparently connected together in very strange and interesting ways. All Switzerland has been tottering about feebly from time to time; the heart of sentimental Germany has been deeply moved; and Asia Minor has been shaken, literally, to its very base. As if all this were not enough, Signor Bertelli of Florence, and other Italian investigators, have been recently taking the trouble to prove with great persistence that whenever you don't happen to feel an earthquake, you ought to be feeling one; that the fault is all in your own defective human senses; that the earth is in a per-

petual state of gentle, imperceptible tremor everywhere; and that the soil of Italy, even in districts far removed from volcanic centres like Vesuvius or Etna, goes on vibrating without any intermission all the year round and all day long. If only we were as delicately organized as a seismometer (which, thank goodness, is not usually the case), we might feel ourselves in the full enjoyment of regular earthquake weather from year's end to year's end.

Anybody who has ever lived for any length of time at a stretch in a region where earthquakes are common objects of the country and the seaside, knows perfectly well what earthquake weather in the colloquial sense is really like. You are sitting in the piazza, about afternoon tea-time let us say, and talking about nothing in particular with the usual sickly, tropical languor, when gradually a sort of faintness comes over the air, the sky begins to assume a lurid look, the street dogs leave off howling hideously in concert for half a minute, and even the grim vultures perched upon the housetops forget their obtrusive personal differences in a common sense of general uneasiness. There is an ominous hush in the air, with a corresponding lull in the conversation for a few seconds, and then somebody says with a yawn, "It feels to me very much like earthquake weather." Next minute you notice the piazza gently raised from its underpropping woodwork by some unseen power, observe the teapot quietly deposited in the hostess's lap, and are conscious of a rapid but graceful oscillating movement, as though the ship of state were pitching bodily and quickly in a long Atlantic swell. Almost before you have had time to feel surprised at the suddenness of the interruption (for the earth never stops to apologize) it is all over; and you pick up the teapot with a smile, continuing the conversation with the greatest attainable politeness, as if nothing at all unusual had happened meanwhile. With earthquakes, as with most other things and persons, familiarity breeds contempt.

It is wonderful, indeed, how very quickly and easily one gets accustomed at last to these little mundane accidents. At first, when you make your earliest acquaintance with an earthquake country, there is something unspeakably appalling and awesome in the sense of utter hopelessness which you feel before the contemplation of a good shivering earthquake. It isn't so much that the thing in itself is so very alarming — nine earthquakes out

of ten in any given place do nothing worse than bring down a bit of your plaster ceiling, or wake you up with a sound shaking in your bed at night: it is the consciousness that the one seemingly stable and immovable element in one's whole previous personal experience, the solid earth that we are accustomed to contrast so favorably with stormy seas and fitful breezes, has at last played us false, and failed visibly beneath our very feet. Then, again, there is the suddenness of the shock, which goes to increase one's general sense of painful insecurity. For all other calamities we are more or less prepared beforehand; but the earthquake comes without a moment's warning, and passes away almost before you have had time to realize the veritable extent of its devastations. Yet, for all that, a very short acquaintance with earthquakes as frequent visitors enables you to regard their occasional arrival with a tolerable imitation of equanimity. You even learn to laugh at them, when they come in moderation; though of course there are earthquakes that are no laughing matter to anybody on earth, but quite the opposite. That irreverent Mark Twain once set forth a San Francisco almanac — 'Frisco, of course, is a well-known centre of "seismic activity" — in which he ventured to predict the year's weather, after the fashion so courageously and imperturbably set by the Meteorological Office, his predictions varying from "severe shocks" in December to "mild and balmy earthquakes" in the best and warmest part of July. Indeed, there is a Western story of a fond mother who sent her two dear boys to spend a fortnight with a friend up-country, on the ground that an earthquake was shortly expected; but before the first week was well over, she received a telegram from the distracted friend, "Please take back your boys, and send along the earthquake."

The origin of earthquakes, like the cosmogony or creation of the world (in "The Vicar of Wakefield") has "puzzled the philosophers of all ages;" and it must be frankly admitted that they have "broached a medley of opinions upon it" quite equal to those so learnedly quoted by the astute possessor of the green spectacles. The theory that earthquakes are due to abortive wobbling on the part of the tortoise who supports the elephant who supports the world, is now entirely abandoned by most modern seismologists; and the hypothesis that they are produced by the writhing efforts of Antæus, Balder,

or any other suffering subterranean hero has also fallen into deserved contempt. Indeed, no single explanation seems quite sufficient to cover all known cases. The truth about the matter seems to be that there are earthquakes and earthquakes. It is now known, by an ingenious method of which I shall have more to say farther on, that earthquakes originate at very different depths — sometimes quite near the surface, and sometimes at a very considerable distance below it. The great shock which affected central Europe in 1872 had its centre or point of origin nine and a half miles down in the earth; while that at Belluno in the same year only came from a depth of four miles. Apparently no earthquake ever starts from a greater distance than thirty miles down in the bowels of the earth; which of course shows that they are, comparatively speaking, mere external surface phenomena. Science moves so fast nowadays, and the conceptions that till yesterday prevailed upon this subject even amongst scientific men were so very erroneous, that it may be worth while to take a brief glance at the present state of the question. It must needs be brief, of course, or else before we have fairly got to the end of it, science may have moved on again to a new standpoint, and our pretty little theory upon the subject be itself shaken down.

Till very lately, then, it was always taken for granted that the crust of the earth was the only solid portion of this planet, and that the whole centre was an incandescent mass of liquid fire, on which the crust gathered lightly like a thin film of floating ice on a pool of water. So long as this conception was rife, and so long as accurate facts about the depth of earthquakes were wanting, it was easy enough to suppose that they were caused by the collapse of a bit of the crust upon the imaginary liquid interior. Quite recently, however, people have begun to discover from a vast number of converging proofs that the earth is not really liquid inside; that it couldn't well remain liquid under the enormous pressure of its own heavy outer mass; that it doesn't behave at all as a mainly liquid globe ought to behave in its relations with surrounding bodies; but that on the contrary it gives every indication of being intensely solid and rigid to the very centre. At the same time, the central portion of the earth is almost certainly at such a white heat that it would be in a molten condition were it not for the enormous pressure of the immense mass that crushes it down

from outside; and so, if this pressure is anywhere removed (as it seems to be at volcanic vents) the material at such points would doubtless liquefy, and might be squeezed up through a hole to the surface as a molten outflow.

Now, it is quite certain that some earthquakes have a good deal to do with volcanic eruptions. Such eruptions are generally ushered in by a series of premonitory tremblings, just by way of warning the inhabitants, as it were, to look out for squalls in the immediate future; and there is very little doubt that earthquakes of this sort are due to essentially volcanic explosive action. In all probability, the internal heat causes some subterranean reservoir of water to flash suddenly into steam with rapid violence, much as when a kettle or a boiler bursts; and this simple outbreak would be quite sufficient to produce all the known effects of an ordinary earthquake. For earthquakes, in spite of the apparent mystery that surrounds their origin and nature, are at bottom nothing more than waves of motion, from whatever cause propagated through the solid material of the earth; and their phenomena do not differ in any way, except sometimes in magnitude, from those produced by ordinary explosions of gas in mines or of gunpowder in magazines. In all three cases a wave is set up through the rocks or clay of the earth, and this wave travels in every direction outward, with about the same absolute rate of motion, and affects the same substances in exactly the same way. For example, the waves move fastest through solid granite, and slowest through loose sand. The Java earthquake undoubtedly belonged to this originally volcanic class, and was connected with great internal disturbances, which ejected vast quantities of pumice and ashes, altered the outline of Krakatoa Island, and threw up a whole line of new small craters on a crack opened in the sea-bed between Java and Sumatra. The connection of the Ischia calamity with volcanic action is not quite so unmistakable, but the proximity of the island to Vesuvius is alone enough to suggest that obvious explanation; and Casamicciola has indeed long been known as a seething centre of volcanic activity. Nay, Professor Rossi, who with Professor Palmieri of Vesuvius takes charge of volcanoes and earthquakes in Italy, much as the *New York Herald* does of storms in England, had proposed a short time before the catastrophe to have a meteorological observatory erected at Casamic-

ciola, so as to take observations upon the temperature of the hot baths and the activity of the fumaroles or natural chimneys for letting out the smoke and steam from the subterranean fires, and thus predict the probable occurrence of tremors; but the good hotel-keepers of the gay little town objected to this natural measure of precaution, because, they said, the observatory might give an appearance of danger, and therefore frighten away the cosmopolitan visitors, after the manner of the ostrich, and also of the mayors and corporations of English watering-places, *in re* typhoid fever and drainage operations!

In some other cases, however, earthquakes undoubtedly originate in places remote from any volcanic region, and at comparatively shallow depths below the surface. In such instances we must have recourse to some other explanation than that easy *deus ex machinâ* of the popular mind—volcanic action. (There are a great many people, by the way, who think anything on earth can be explained by simply referring it to volcanic action, just as there are others who swear entirely by "electricity" as a sort of universal solvent, and just as some young ladies wisely opine, whenever they see anything they can't understand, that "there are springs in it.") Springs, indeed, have very likely something to do with it, too; for small local earthquakes are probably often due to mere collapses in the roofs of natural tunnels and caverns formed in the rocks by the slow action of trickling water. In bigger non-volcanic earthquakes we must look for some more deep-seated cause; and this is doubtless to be found, as Professor Geikie observes, in the sudden snapping of rocks in the interior subjected to prolonged and intense strains. It is certain that the weight of the crust, pressing upon the heated central mass, does really produce such strains, often to an extent hardly to be measured by our poor little human units of force; and a fracture so produced would undoubtedly spread on every side a wave of movement, which would become visible at the surface as an earthquake. In fact, wherever railway tunnels are driven through the heart of a mountain, among rocks much compressed by the side thrusts of surrounding masses, explosive noises, like a big gun going off, are often heard, and are the result of the relief afforded by such a snap, exactly as when an overbent bow breaks in the middle with a loud report. The rocks have been for ages in a state of strain, and the

tunnel allows them here and there to relieve themselves by a shock or sudden break. Big blocks so rent have been sometimes found in quarries. If this can happen even quite near the surface, where the strain is comparatively small, it can happen a great deal more at enormous depths, where the strain is practically incalculable.

It doesn't much matter to the people who have been upset by an earthquake, however, what its particular origin may have been; and indeed, whatever the origin, the earthquake itself behaves in pretty much the same uproarious way under all circumstances. The one common practice of all earthquakes is that they diffuse themselves concentrically and spherically in every direction; starting from a central point they spread out, not only sideways—like wavelets in a pond when a stone is thrown in—but also up and down and obliquely as well, exactly as light diffuses itself from a lamp or candle. The natural consequence is that, if you happen to be sitting just on top of the spot where the original explosion or snap has taken place, you feel the shock like a bump or thrust from below; in the cheerful language of the technical seismologist (who are really not so bad at long words as most other scientific people) over the centre of origin of an earthquake the movement is perceived as a vertical up-and-down motion. A ball placed on the ground at such a spot will be jerked up into the air several times over, exactly as a good player tosses a shuttlecock. The present writer has experienced this vertical movement in his own person, and he candidly confesses that he didn't like it. Fortunately the shock was a comparatively gentle one, and did no more damage than just snapping off the laths in the wall, which to people who really go in for earthquakes is a small matter scarcely worth mentioning. But when the shock is at all severe, it may throw up paving-stones straight into the air as if they were pebbles, turn them over topsy-turvy with a bold somersault, and bring them down again upon the ground bottom upwards. The central point of each earthquake is determined (when determined at all) by observing at what place objects have been thus flung vertically upward into the air.

As we recede in each direction, however, from this central point, the waves come to the surface more and more obliquely with each remove, and are felt as an undulatory motion, exactly like the



ground swell of the sea heaving and tossing under the beam of a small boat. If you are seated writing at a table under such circumstances (as the present narrator also once happened to be in a minor shock), the effect is that your hand is jerked three or four times over the sheet in a regular symmetrical fashion, gradually dying away as the shock subsides. "Pray excuse apparent carelessness," you add parenthetically, "we have just had our usual little fortnightly earthquake;" and then, if you are a seasoned hand, without further apology you go on as before with the general thread of your correspondence. (One can get used to anything in time. That courageous paper, the *Panama Star and Herald*, in the same volcanic region, keeps a little stereotyped heading on hand for casual emergencies, — "Our Periodical Revolution.") Well, it naturally happens that the farther you get away from the central source sideways, the more obliquely do the waves come to the surface; and you can measure the amount of obliquity by noticing the way in which buildings, walls, and so forth are shattered by the shock as it emerges. Even in a very gentle earthquake — one of the "mild and balmy" sort — where no big buildings are dislocated, the plaster on the walls of rooms usually serves as a satisfactory indication of the direction of the wave; a fact which, however agreeable to men of science, plasterers, and paperhangers, is apt to render earthquakes in the concrete a decided nuisance from the consumer's point of view. On the average of cases, the cracks or fissures, as that great authority on earthquakes Mr. Mallett has shown, run at right angles to the path of emergence. Where the shock emerges obliquely, it doesn't toss things straight up into the air, as is the case directly above the centre of disturbance, but rocks them backward and forward with a more or less violent oscillatory motion, so as to produce the characteristic undulating effect.

It is by means of observations on the lines of emergence (mostly conducted afterwards, of course; for only very practised hands, like Professor Palmieri, have *sang-froid* enough calmly to watch the direction of an earthquake while it is actually in progress) that the depth at which the disturbance originated can be approximately determined. You find out at a great many points along its course what was the angle at which the wave emerged — in other words, you observe the direction of the rents in buildings: then you

draw straight lines (in imagination only) perpendicular to these till they cut the vertical line, where the earthquake showed itself as a simple up-and-down movement; and the place at which all the lines so cut the vertical is the point of origin of the disturbance. In the Ischia disaster, the angle at which the waves emerged diminished very rapidly as one receded from the centre of the disturbance (which lay directly under the village of Casamenella); and therefore the origin or focus (as the seismologists call it) must have been at a very shallow depth indeed. For the same reason, the area affected by the wave was very small, so that the shock was hardly felt even just across the bay at Naples. On the other hand, the Herzogenrath impulse in 1873 started from a depth of something like fifteen miles; and as to distance, the tremor produced by the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755 shook a region four times as big as all Europe put together. This very respectable shake had its origin under the bed of the north Atlantic, and was felt from the north of Africa on the one hand to the coasts of Norway and Sweden on the other, besides disturbing the philosophical Puritans of distant New England at their sober and metaphysical tea-tables. Earthquakes in the Andes also stretch over enormous distances along the axis of the mountain-chain; one in 1868 extended over some two thousand miles in a straight line, without advancing very far into the surrounding districts on either side.

The noises that accompany earthquakes are not due, it would seem, to the actual earth-wave itself, but to the wave in the air which it sets up. Generally, the sound is likened to the roll of distant thunder, or to big guns as heard by persons in full retreat from the field of a battle. At the Ischian earthquake, the sound was said to be something like a loud boob — boob — boob, repeated at measured intervals. The present writer has only once experienced an earthquake which made a noise, and on that occasion he was too much preoccupied by deep and abstruse thought (concentrated chiefly on the abstract stability of his bungalow roof — regarded merely, of course, as an interesting question of practical physics) to form any personal opinion as to what it sounded like. He only now remembers that he thought it extremely disagreeable, and felt his philosophical faculty considerably freer and easier as soon as it was over. But, then, he can only pretend to be a very modest amateur seismologist.

He doesn't go out on purpose to hunt up earthquakes: he is quite satisfied with making dilettante observations upon those that happen to drop in casually upon him for an afternoon call.

Besides the air-wave, earthquakes also give rise to a sea-wave, which is often far more destructive to life and property than the earthquake itself. This was certainly the case in the Java calamity, where the effects of the enormous tidal wave were extremely disastrous. In some South American earthquakes, the wall of water raised by the first shock has reached the almost incredible height of two hundred feet; and successively smaller walls have rapidly followed to the shore in a gradual diminuendo, till at last the undulations died away to a mere ripple. Occasionally these big waves have radiated outward right across the entire face of the Pacific, to be recorded in Japan (according to Professor Milne) twenty-five hours afterwards, at a distance of nearly nine thousand miles from the original centre of disturbance—not bad time as ocean travelling goes. The Java wave not only affected the entire coasts of India, but ran up the Hooghly half-way to the ghats of Calcutta, and even made itself distinctly felt in the port of Aden. It was also noted in South Africa and at Mauritius. Curiously enough, the great earthquake of Lisbon produced no visible effect on land in England, but it jarred and shook all the rivers, lakes, and canals, so that the water in them oscillated violently for some time from no visible external reason. Loch Lomond rose and fell two and a half feet with every wave for five minutes; Coniston Water dashed itself wildly about as if it expected it was going to be made into a reservoir for the supply of still infantile Manchester; and the barges on the Godalming Canal were only prevented from supposing that a steam-launch had just passed over the course by considerations of historical propriety (highly praiseworthy in men of their profession), owing to the fact that steam-launches themselves had not yet begun their much-objugated existence. This curious effect is of course due to the greater mobility of liquids, just as a very slight jar which would not visibly affect the substance of the table will make the water in the finger-glasses rise and fall with a slight rhythmical motion. Indeed, it was similarly noticed at the time of the Lisbon catastrophe, that in distant places where no other effect was produced, chandeliers, and even rows of tallow can-

dles hung up in shops, began to swing to and fro slowly, after the fashion of a pendulum, about the time when the earthquake might be expected to have reached their neighborhood. The fact that they were hanging freely from above made them easily susceptible to the slightest tremor which would not otherwise have been perceptible. Ardent seismologists might improve this hint by practising as much as possible upon the trapeze.

Earthquakes and other similar jars travel at different rates of speed through different substances. Mr. Mallett found that the shock of gunpowder explosions moved fastest through solid granite, where it went at the rate of one thousand six hundred and forty feet a second, and slowest through sand, where it only made nine hundred and fifty-one feet in the same time. The Visp earthquake of 1855 travelled north to Strasburg with the enormous rapidity of twenty-eight hundred and sixty-one feet per second; but southwards towards Turin, influenced no doubt by the bad example of the Italian railways (or else, perhaps, by the nature of the soil), it attained less than half the speed it had shown in going northward. The nature of the materials also has a great deal to do with the amount of damage done by a shock. Port Royal, Jamaica, which was almost all destroyed by the great earthquake of 1692, is the classical example of this modifying influence of soil and underlying geological features. The town is built on a low peninsula of solid white limestone, joined to the mainland by a long and sultry isthmus of sweltering sand; and a large sandy belt has also gathered all around the central limestone patch, so that only the very core of the old town had its foundations on the solid rock. When the earthquake came, the houses on the limestone merely oscillated violently, but were left standing in the end; whereas the city that was built on the sand fell bodily to pieces at once, owing to the loose, inelastic nature of the subsoil. To this day, the terror of the tradition of that great calamity has not yet wholly died away in modern Jamaica; and the visitor who goes to church on his first Sunday in the island notices still with a certain solemn awe and apprehension the ominous addition to the deprecations in the litany, "From earthquake, hurricane, and sudden tempest, Good Lord deliver us." There is a curious monument, by the way, at a place called Green Bay, not far from Port Royal, to a French Huguenot refugee, whose name the epi-

taph anglicizes, after the custom of the time, into "Lewis Galdy, Esq." This M. Galdy was swallowed up by the first gulp of the earthquake, but disgorged again at the second shock, and cast into the sea, where he escaped by swimming to a neighboring boat. Local tradition declares that this is the only case on record of a man having been thus restored after being once swallowed. Anyhow, M. Galdy lived to the ripe old age of eighty, and survived his little adventure forty-seven years. How tired he must have got of telling the story!

We in England are fortunately all but quite out of it in the matter of earthquakes. Of course, from the very nature of the case, no district in the world is really absolutely safe against such visitations, and an earthquake may drop in even upon us any day unawares. But as the visits of angels are proverbially few and far between, so earthquakes in Great Britain are practically speaking of very rare occurrence; and when they do come, only the very wakefullest people ever notice them at all. To be sure, there is one place in Scotland, Comrie to wit, which always gets a shaking whenever there is any shaking going on about; but then Comrie is believed to stand above a line of dislocation in the rocks composing the top crust of the earth just in that neighborhood — there is a break or crack there apparently; and the reason for the shaking is not, in all probability, that there are any more earthquakes at that particular spot than elsewhere, but that the break stops the wave short, so to speak, and throws it back, much as when a wave of water (for example) beats against the edge of one's tub if one happens to tilt it or knock against it. In the earth, as a whole, earthquakes are most frequent, of course, in volcanic regions: everybody knows that they come exceptionally often in the Andes, in Java and Sumatra, in Japan, and in other familiar centres of plutonic action. The great European earthquake belt pretty nearly coincides with the basin of the Mediterranean and its subsidiary seas — the Euxine, Caspian, and Aral; and it is apparently connected with the range of scattered and now rather feeble or dormant volcanoes which begins with Pico in the Azores, runs along through Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna, and stretches away as far as the basaltic plateaus of India on the extreme east.

Earthquake weather in the meteorological or climatic sense seems to be mainly connected with such volcanic disturb-

ances. It indicates some change of conditions in the air, some curious upsetting of the ordinary circumstances under which we live, giving rise to very indefinable but perfectly recognizable sensations, not only in man but in the lower animals as well. A sudden feeling of awe seems to come over one for no particular assignable reason; the birds leave off singing; the dogs forget to howl; the black people drop for a moment from their perpetual high monotone of shouting and quarrelling; and in a minute the shock is upon one. Perhaps the vague sense of discomfort may be due to electrical conditions (electricity, as usual, comes in handy, and is much in demand just at present); perhaps it may be owing to mere vapors of sulphur or liberated gases in the air; perhaps it may be pure superstition; but almost everybody who has ever lived in an earthquake country is tolerably certain that he himself always feels it. It is clear at any rate that sundry premonitory signs and tokens do really usher in the advent of a volcanic earthquake. Before the Casamicciola disaster, wells dried up suddenly, subterranean thunder was heard, and slight oscillations of the earth took place as a sort of warning of the coming catastrophe. Strangest and most significant of all, as showing the presence of odd, deranging circumstances in the atmosphere, or powerful electrical disturbances, the big clock in the Sala Belliazzi stopped twenty minutes before the actual approach of the earthquake. The hot springs also underwent sudden changes of temperature, another indication of the way in which earthquake weather may be produced. Anybody who has ever lived at Bath, and whose own nerves are worth anything as sensitive meteorological instruments (a state of body by no means to be coveted), must have noticed how often in the trough of the valley by the pump-room he experienced on certain sultry summer days, or on close, muggy, winter mornings, a singular sinking depression, prompting him at once, according to temperament, either to fling himself into the Avon, to take a glass of the waters, or to turn into the club for a brandy and seltzer. That feeling is the nearest possible English equivalent to the peculiar sensation of earthquake weather.

Though earthquakes are now one of the most terrible forms in which the internal energies of the earth usually manifest themselves, it has not always been so, and it may not always be so in future. There have been geological catastrophes

in the history of our planet immeasurably more awful than any actual or possible earthquake—catastrophes compared to which even the eruption of Vesuvius that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii was but a small and unimportant episode. Professor Geikie, following many distinguished American geologists, has shown that the vast basalt plains of western America, as well as the region about the Giant's Causeway in north-eastern Ireland, have been produced by a peculiar form of volcanic action which he calls fissure-eruptions. In these cases it seems that molten sheets of lava of enormous size poured forth bodily in a vast flood from huge rents in the earth's crust, and overwhelmed many hundred square miles together with their devastating inundation. The lava spreads to a depth of some hundreds of feet, and has rolled around the feet of mountains and filled up their valleys exactly as a flood of water might have done. These terrific "massive eruptions" or direct outflows of incandescent molten matter, are probably the most frightful cataclysms that have ever visited the face of the earth. Nervous people, however, may console themselves by the consideration that the chances of their being overwhelmed in such an outflow are practically infinitesimal. In all probability, if a man were to have an infinity of lives, one after another, he would have to get killed in a railway accident eight hundred and ninety-two times over, not to mention several hundred thousand natural deaths meanwhile, before he ever once got himself caught in a fissure-eruption. The fear of it may be relegated to the same ingenious people who don't much trouble themselves about the typhoid and the scarletina germs that are forever flitting around us, but are terribly afraid every passing comet has a sinister intention of running full tilt at this one particular insignificant little planet. Curiously enough, one never hears of anybody who has abstract fears lest a comet might interfere with the domestic astronomical arrangements of Jupiter and Saturn.

however, his description stops short. Her bodily charms he had painted, for he had no other way of bringing them before his reader's eyes. But with her character he dealt in quite another way. "As there are," he writes, "no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves in that perfect intimacy to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming young creature, so it is needless to mention them here; nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character."

If to introduce a character with a minute description is an affront to the reader's understanding, it is one that has of late years been very commonly offered. Perhaps our modern novelists assume that their readers have no understanding; in many cases we should not be prepared to say that in this assumption they are wrong. Be that as it may, neither authors nor readers seem to know anything of that pleasure which Fielding mentions. In fact, to the reading world in general it has, we fear, lost most of its relish. We see that, as regards some of the pleasures of the body, there is on the part of many persons willingness enough to add to their enjoyment by taking a share in the preparations that they need. At no time, perhaps, has there been a greater liking for roughing it, as it is called. A great number of people every year spend their holidays in camping out, and before they eat their dinner sometimes catch it, and very often cook it. Before they can sleep they must first pitch their tent and arrange their own couch. Before they can breakfast, they must light their own fire and boil their own kettle. But with all this activity of the body, there has come an indolence of the mind even in respect of enjoyments. The reader of the present day does not wish, in Lamb's pleasant words, "to cry halves to anything that he finds." He has not indeed any wish—we still borrow the thought from *Elia*—"to find." All that he asks is that the author should "bring." He would have every writer like the "true Caledonian," who "brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it." He wants to have all trouble spared him, so that he may make his way through a book with as little effort as is made by an idle man who on a summer's day, without laying hand to oar, is carried in his boat down some stream, as quick-flowing as it is shallow. He knows nothing of that pleasure which

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From The Saturday Review.

OLD WRITERS AND MODERN READERS.

FIELDING, in his "History of Tom Jones," after describing "the outside of Sophia," his charming heroine, continues: "Nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it." Here,



Fielding describes which comes to us as we form our own judgment of the character of a hero or a heroine. He asks in all things for the direction of the court. He requires that the judge should sum up before the facts have been set forth, and even before the trial has fairly begun. He would have all the characters labelled like the Greek pictures of old — and carefully labelled too. Each story must begin with a full descriptive catalogue. He must be told what he must look for and what he will find, just as if he were going to spend a day at the Fisheries Exhibition.

No doubt there have been in most ages, if not perhaps in all, readers of this indolent disposition. One of them complained to Johnson that he found Richardson very tedious. "Why, sir," Johnson answered, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment." He used to say of "Clarissa" that "it was the first book in the world for the knowledge it displays of the human heart." Now to enter into this sentiment, to master this knowledge, an effort, and a long effort must be made. To the author's reason the reader must bring an understanding. He must bring patience also. One of Richardson's novels is not to be swallowed down in an afternoon. The sentiment of a long story cannot be seized by one who reads and skips, nor without some trouble can the human heart be studied. There is one great advantage that is afforded by a novel that is written on Fielding's method. It supplies so many more interesting subjects of conversation. When each reader is left to form his own judgment of the hero or heroine there must always be a considerable variety of opinion. Eager discussions can be raised, and characters can be fought over with as much ardor as if they had lived either on the world's great stage or in the next parish. Thus there are many Sophias. There is Fielding's Sophia and there is Tom Jones's Sophia. "But I also have my Sophia," each reader may say; "and you, my dear sir, you also have yours. Yours is not the real Sophia; not, if I may so express myself, Sophia's Sophia; but as a study of character it is not uninteresting." Round a story told on such a plan as this rise much the same discussions as those which endlessly rise round Hamlet. Was the Prince of Denmark wholly mad?

Was he partly mad, and partly feigning to be mad? Was he wholly sane? What a loss of interest would there have been had Shakespeare in his *dramatis personæ* entered Hamlet as a mad prince, or a sane prince, or a prince sometimes sane, sometimes mad, and sometimes feigning madness! Fielding, in his "Journey from this World to the Next," pleasantly describes how he saw "Shakespeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines." In reciting "Put out the light and then put out the light," where was the emphasis to be laid? Being appealed to, Shakespeare said: "Faith, gentleman, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning." In much the same way we could well believe that if Fielding, not in the next world, but in this, had been asked for his own judgment of Sophia's or Jones's character, and if he had given it, and then had been pressed with some apparent contradiction in some particular incident, he might have replied: "Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote down the incident that you mention that I have forgotten it. When I did write it, it seemed to me no doubt what the lady or the gentleman would in the circumstances have done. But I leave every one free to form his own judgment. You have all the facts before you, and you are each of you quite as capable as I am of arriving at a just estimate of the characters of my hero and heroine." When we thus take the trouble to form our own judgment, we have moreover this further pleasure, that we are convinced that we are right, and that those who differ from us are wrong. Our self-esteem is pleasantly flattered. But what chance have we of being pleased with our own sagacity when nothing is left by the writer on which it can be exercised? In every work of fancy and imagination a partnership must be established between the author and the reader. But if one does all and leaves nothing for the other to do, it will, we fear, too often prove on the reader's part a kind of sleeping partnership.

In works of a very different order from novels the reader of our time shows the same indolence. As regards these he is too restless to remain contentedly in entire ignorance, and too lazy to arrive at any real knowledge. Hence we have in shoals these handbooks of literature and abridgments of great authors. A man may pass very well through life and know



nothing of Pepys, nothing of Boswell, nothing of Horace Walpole's letters, and nothing of Madame d'Arblay's diary. But if such works as these are to be known they must be read. They cannot be reduced to an essence. It may be an objection to whipped cream that it takes up so much space; but by any method of compression it would cease to be whipped cream. The common excuse is made that in so busy an age as this there is no time to read such long books. We do not know that this age is so much busier than those that have gone before it. The complaint is a very old one, and even in the present day a good deal of time seems to be rather killed than lived. Be that as it may, if there is not time to read big books, big books cannot be read. But then let us not be tricked into the belief that we can still either enjoy them or know them. A little knowledge, if not a dangerous thing, is in such cases a foolish thing. At all events it often leads its possessor into folly. It tempts him to make a display of knowledge of which he has not the reality. But if there is not time for original works that are big there is at least time for those that are small. If a man is frightened by the size of Boswell, there can be nothing to scare him in the autobiography of Gibbon. If he dare not try the nine big volumes of Walpole's "Letters," he may with good heart attempt the two small ones which contain Swift's "Letters to Stella." If in "Tom Jones" and "Sir Charles Grandison" the beginning seems separated by too great a space from the end, a summer day or a winter's evening will be long enough for accompanying either Joseph Andrews or Evelina from their birth to their marriage.

Among all the evils that follow in the train of a regular system of examinations, we know of none greater than a certain habit of indolence which it forms in the mind. It encourages a student—nay, even, in the press of competition it almost forces him—to accept his judgments ready-made. He wants to know what others say of a writer, not what the writer himself says. He has no time to take a book home, as it were, and make it part of himself. He never "travels over the mind" of a great author till he becomes as familiar with its beauties and its nooks, its heights, its levels, and its depths as a Cumberland shepherd with the mountains and valleys round about his home. He never looks upon his books as his friends. It is to his head, and not to his heart, that he wishes to take them; and he only

cares to keep them there till they have served their purpose at the next examination. How different was the way in which Macaulay and his sister read! "When they were discoursing together," says Mr. Trevelyan, "about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they had lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in his pages. Pepys, Addison, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Madame de Genlis, the Duc de St. Simon [Macaulay, by the way, would have written the Duke of St. Simon], and the several societies in which those worthies moved, excited in their minds precisely the same sort of concern, and gave matter for discussions of exactly the same type, as most people bestow upon the proceedings of their own contemporaries. The past was to them as the present and the fictitious as the actual." Now, though Macaulay's power is given to few indeed, yet many—perhaps, most people—have quite enough understanding and imagination from nature to enable them to live from time to time moments, it may be brief moments, both in the past and in the world of fiction and of fancy. A child in his games, as he fills "his humorous stage" with the different persons, shows how natural this is. It is not so much the growth of years that kills in him the habit as education and the scorn of his elder playfellows. The loss is indeed a great one, and the massacre of these simple feelings is a second massacre of the innocents. There is but one way to retain them. We must choose our books wisely, and when we have chosen them we must make a wise use of them. We cannot hope to live in all the ages that are past. The most that any but the most favored among us can attain is to have one century, or one half-century, in which he has, as it were, his second home, whither he can withdraw himself for a brief space from the troubles and cares of the days in which he lives. But a place of retreat like this is not raised by an idle wish. Effort must be made, and a prolonged effort too. Yet it is a labor that, even while it is being made, is fully repaid. When guides to literature and manuals are all thrown on one side, and we begin "a pleasant, loitering journey" through some tract of literature, "thought following thought, and step by step led on," the sense of joyous freedom and of eager curiosity more than supports us. One book leads us to another, and the

circle of our friends widens as widens the circle of our knowledge. Then, too, we have that pleasure of which Fielding wrote. Both in the world of men and in the world of fiction we form our own judgments. We almost feel as if we had some share — however small a one — with a favorite author in a favorite book. For, when we find in how different a light some character appears to other readers, we half suspect that he is partly of our own creation. If the author's claim to the whole were put in, we might each be tempted to say, with a slight change in the poet's line: "That but half of it was his, and one-half of it was mine."

Happily, in such a course of reading as this, we need not be greatly deterred by the cost. Works of great excellence can often be picked up at the bookstalls for less money than is asked for some hash of them that has been just served up. A shilling a volume goes a good way in stocking our shelves, if we think nothing of fashion or the run of modern thought, and only ask that in good type and a fair binding we shall have a work of sterling worth. The young reader is naturally dazzled by the brilliant prospect that rises before him as he surveys the various series of literature that are in course of publication. With great epochs and great minds he hopes to become acquainted at the cost for each of two shillings of his money and a few hours of his time. Let him remember that a few warm friends are better than a host of nodding acquaintances, and let him reflect that, whether among the living or the dead, among men or among books, a friend is only made at the cost of much trouble and of much time.

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From The Economist.

#### THE SECRET OF MODERN DESPOTISM.

DESPOTIC governments of to-day are inclined to make two quite needless mistakes, which heavily weight them in their struggle to retain power. One is their extreme reluctance to punish servants who have misused their trust, and who are attacked by public opinion. There is no particular reason for protecting such servants, who only bring their employers into discredit, for if they were punished, authority would not in any way suffer. The public would understand that they were held guilty for their corrupt motives, not for their acts, and would dread their honest

successors just as much as before. Policemen in England do not lose their authority because a man who takes a bribe, or who makes an unjust arrest, is punished by the magistrates, rather the police are generally more trusted and obeyed. Despotic governments, however, believe that if in such cases they conciliate opinion authority will depart from them, and that their servants will next time obey opinion and not the orders from above. So strong is this impression, that in States thus ruled the government constantly punishes its agents for misconduct against individuals which the public has not taken up, while zealously defending them for the same acts when they have by chance been publicly accused. Of course, the result is, first, to demoralize the services, by convincing them that the government regards the people as hostile; and secondly, to create the impression that the government, which nine times out of ten has no interest in the matter, and would but for a false impression be strictly impartial, cares nothing about justice. If the government would frankly acknowledge that power might be abused, would listen, and would punish on sufficient proof, its despotism would often be forgiven, men caring, as a rule, much more for their claim to justice than for their right to share in the control of affairs. They do not share in their own minds in ordinary criminal trials, yet they watch the judges with an exceeding and an acrimonious keenness.

The second error, still more common, is the prejudice in favor of secrecy. Secrecy as to things to be done may, of course, be valuable or not, according to the secret to be kept; but it is very rarely the case that secrecy as to things completed is of any value at all. In the first place, it is very seldom maintained, and in the second, it gives birth to a host of rumors, far more injurious than any true narrative of the facts could be. Nevertheless, scarcely any absolute government can ever bear to let facts be known, and most of them make of secrecy a State practice. The Russian government, for example, conceals the simplest incidents. The emperor was the other day thrown out of his sledge, and his shoulder hurt, a fact of interest to all Russians. Nevertheless, no allusion to the incident was allowed; all descriptive telegrams were suppressed, and when at last the incident was noised abroad, it was accompanied by all manner of dangerous exaggerations. The czar, to say the least of it, was in imminent danger of death, and had been success-

fully attacked by a Nihilist. The same policy has been pursued about the murder of Colonel Sudeikin, the chief of the secret police. He was, there seems no question, murdered by Nihilists, perhaps as a traitor; but the government will acknowledge nothing, and instead of attracting support, so irritates curiosity, that every day produces a new rumor, until at last it is currently believed that most of the secret police are Nihilists, and that Colonel Sudeikin was put to death by a conspiracy among his own police agents. In other words, a general distrust is spread among the officials themselves of the fidelity of the secret police, and a powerful arm of the administration seriously weakened.

This want of frankness, and, so to speak, honesty in the administration of affairs is the more remarkable because it is new, and because it does not in any way benefit the ultimate ruler. The old despotisms, especially in the East, all made a principle of extreme rigor towards their agents, who were constantly punished for oppression in the very sight of the people. The public audiences in which the sovereign presided were mainly intended for such complaints, and the sovereign who secluded himself was hated as a master who could not be depended upon for redress against his own servants. Even in modern times the sovereign who could be relied on to punish agents has always been the popular sovereign, Frederick the Great, for instance, owing much of his popularity with the people to his rigor towards his underlings. It is by no means certain that much of the popular objection to personal government, which is supposed nowadays to be so strong, is not really an objection to government by an irresponsible, and sometimes corrupt, bureaucracy. The masses outside England and the United States are as willing to seek ultimate orders from an individual as from an assembly, and a despot who would listen, who would speak the truth, and who would compel all agents to keep strictly within the law, would in most countries be very popular. He is popular, or at least obeyed, within the army, where all business is conducted upon this very principle, and where all officers are held to their duty as rigidly as their soldiers. A sovereign who means to rule cannot speak to his people too frequently, and seclusion only throws everything into the hands of agents, who very rarely desire publicity, because, even when quite honest, they seldom have the fortitude to

endure criticism and misrepresentation. They think if the public know facts, their freedom of action will be gone, forgetting that an instructed public only looks to them for efficiency. This truth, however, is not discerned by modern rulers, and it is one of their heaviest new difficulties, that they tolerate a system which destroys the confidence of the people in their straightforwardness of intention. They are accused every day of supporting the abuses which in most cases they would willingly expose and terminate. Alexander the Third does not wish for torture in his prisons, and if he would openly punish those who inflict it, would find that his people did not object to his right of imprisonment. Instead of this, he allows advisers who believe in secrecy to hush up every charge, and to deny even that officials who have been killed were accused of such offences.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE HAPPINESS OF SOME WOMEN.

READING the opening chapter of Mrs. Oliphant's remarkable story in *Blackwood* for this month, the sketch of "Old Lady Mary," a thought often entertained came once more very strongly into the writer's mind. Civilization has won at least one considerable success, — it has made a class of almost perfectly happy women. We are all accustomed to question in hours of depression whether civilization has made anybody happy, and to deny rather strongly that it has made women so, and the doubt has a truthful side. The denial is an exaggeration, as any one knows who understands what the lot of women, and especially of working women, was, whether in the ancient world, in the Middle Ages, or on the Continent before 1789; but it is thus far true, that the body of women in western Europe are not happy. They have periods of happiness, perhaps, when the lover comes around, and when the duty of life is done; but from twenty to forty-five they are oppressed with a double burden, too heavy for their strength. They marry far too early. They work nearly as hard as their husbands, they bear and rear the children, they do all the household labor, they have all the unpleasant responsibilities of the purse, and they are often to a most extraordinary extent deprived of freedom. The pleasure of doing as they like, without account to other wills, is wholly want-

ing to them. In every second household the woman must think of half-a-dozen tempers. They feel, too, the results of narrowness of means, want of sufficient food, clothing, rest, and fresh air, more than the men do, and are in all relations of life, to use their own phrase, much more "put upon." Even the cool-headed men who deny that East London is unhappy, and say that any encampment of workers in a climate like ours would present most of its characteristics, admit that a certain sadness and look of strain is the normal characteristic of the women of the region between twenty and fifty-five, that there is an absence of joyousness in them which must be the result of circumstances alone, and which by itself must be a vast deduction from happiness. Well-off Englishwomen are distinctly gayer than their men, but these are more depressed. All that is true and saddening, but it should not make us, as social observers, forget the appreciable though not very heavy *per contra* on the other side. The well-to-do Englishwoman, whether maid, matron, or widow, is, if in good average health, a very happily situated person, probably much happier than any other kind of person either is or has been. She is full of quiet life. She has work, either with her studies, her children, or her household, just sufficient to take away the sense of uselessness, and not sufficient to overtask either her strength or her nerves. She has no great dangers to fear, either for herself or others; no extreme changes to dread; nothing to call into existence that poisonous sense of terror which, in many countries and classes, can never have been totally extirpated. She is as safe in her drawing-room as if she were in heaven; so safe, that she has ceased to regard safety as a pressing condition of happiness, the importance of which is, indeed, known only to those who have lived in unsafe regions of the world, such as Mexico or Connaught. She has good food in plenty; her dress never offends her *amour-propre*, or disturbs her sense of dignity; she has as much change as she wishes; and unless her house is very remote from the haunts of men, a sufficiency of varied society, composed of men and women whom she likes and understands. Of affection, if she is not very unfortunate, she has plenty. Her husband loves her, her daughters worship her, her sons depend on her, her friends are devoted to her. The father, especially in old age, does not gain half from his children that the mother

does; nor is he half so close to them. He may be respected and cared for, but the mother is loved, and followed with a quite separate observance, arising partly from affection, and partly from a more perfect intimacy. Constantly households are seen in which the relation of the daughters to the mother, and often, though in a less degree, of the sons, is something quite beautiful, so much of genuine feeling, yet so little of the tyranny of feeling is there in it. The sheltering of women is to many men a constant preoccupation, and the work is performed with a silent care and perfectness often wanting in regard to the other duties of life. Of friends, the happy woman has enough. We will not attempt to decide whether men or women are the more capable of friendship, but we suspect that the popular opinion on this head has very little to justify it, that women are as honest in friendship as men, and sorrow for their friends as keenly, and that the only difference springs from comparative freedom. Steadfastness in friendship is only for the free, and women are the less free of the two sexes. However that may be, women certainly benefit by their friendships more than men. They see their friends oftener, enjoy more converse with them, have more time for letter-writing, and can cultivate friendship better in a full room. They take altogether more trouble about it, and find themselves constantly padded in friends when men would be comparatively alone. The widower, though it is not the custom to think so, is far more lonely than the widow.

It may be said that women thus happily placed often suffer from ennui and the want of careers, but is that at all widely true? It is true, of course, of the ambitious, or of those not infrequent women whose intellect is a little too strong for them, and wears them as teeth wear growing babies, but the truth scarcely covers a wide area. That interestingness of our modern world which so strikes M. Renan, affects women at least as much as it does men. They hear all that goes on, often with an interest quite as keen as that of the actors in the play. They read the newspapers, and the last new book, and the talked-about article in the magazines, and appreciate all, with an enjoyment which a certain absence of responsibility rather whets than destroys. They may not be as keen for politics as men, but they are much more interested in political personages; and if their criticism is not as sound, it is often livelier, and al-

ways more rapidly developed. They are more amused, too, by the lighter side of news, by gossip, and by those little dramatic stories which experience has taught men to regard with an immovable distrust that takes half the flavor out of them. Women so placed, if you will notice, are always a little nearer up to the minute with their information than men; and though they may catch up much that is erroneous, rarely miss catching the pivot fact. Certainly, they catch enough to be interested, and to give them more pleasure from conversation than men, except under favorable circumstances, ever obtain. Then they have a hundred occupations which are needless, while men have only one, — smoking, — and they all have and appreciate the art which Charles II., past-master in the arts of pleasure, called his "sultana-queen," the grand art, half lost by men, or indulged in only with the lingering sense of sin which poisons gladness, — the art of sauntering. Ennui is not for such women, nor have they, to counterbalance all advantages, much pressing mental trouble. Women think, nowadays, as men think, but their thinking does not oppress them so much. They are not so miserable often about "causes," — though there are exceptions to this, when the woman's comparative powerlessness to act seems to energize the movement of her mind, and she becomes mentally either heroine or fury, — and their mental trouble about the creeds takes a somewhat different form, having less suspense of judgment in it, and fewer of those recoils which, more, perhaps, than any other mental phenomena, pain men to the bone. To have got so far, and then to feel that the next step is impossible, that the barrier cannot be pierced, that the chasm cannot be crossed, that there is nothing for it but a weary and internally half-ashamed retrogression, — women, as we conceive, are freer of that suffering than men. And finally, to such women old age is so infinitely pleasanter than to men. They miss less the physical power they never had; they are not so restless under enforced quiet; they are so much more accustomed to find themselves limited to a room, a house, a house and garden. They feel cosseted by deference, where a man feels only that the day of battle for him is over. They are, so far as we have observed society, infinitely better treated; with less rudeness, or, indeed, none at all, and with far gentler forms of that incessantly hinted expostulation which only signifies that the young

have gained strength and are ruling the world, but which is the burden of the old. And then they suffer less. We have no statistics to give, and may be utterly mistaken; but we believe the experienced will bear us out when we say that among the old, the wearying disability of loss of sight, and the momentarily recurrent torment of deafness, and the wearing pain of rheumatic "stiffness," are in the well-to-do classes far less frequent among women than among men. Sometimes they are indeed so free from trouble that one asks, with some surprise, why Mrs. Oliphant did not put into her sketch of "Old Lady Mary" when she reached the next world, an account of her regret at quitting the quiet happiness of this. She was more worried when she got there than she had felt here for a quarter of a century. If serenity be the test of happiness, well-to-do women in England have far more than their share.

From Good Words.

#### HELEN'S TOWER.

HELEN'S TOWER, here I stand,  
Dominant over sea and land.  
Son's love built me, and I hold  
Mother's love engraved in gold.  
Love is in and out of time,  
I am mortal stone and lime.  
Would my granite girth were strong  
As either love, to last as long,  
I should wear my crown entire  
To and thro' the Doomsday fire,  
And be found of angel eyes  
In earth's recurring Paradise.

A. TENNYSON.

HALF-WAY up Belfast Lough, on the high ground to the left, you may see a remarkable landmark. This is Helen's Tower, built by the present Earl of Dufferin as a tribute of filial affection to his mother, the late Countess of Gifford, and formally named after her on attaining his majority.

Looking across from the grey old walls of Carrickfergus, it may be seen crowning the highest hill on the Claudeboye estate. Clear cut against the sky, there it stands, lashed by the winds or touched by the sun, ever firm and enduring — a fitting memorial of one of the best and noblest of women.

Lady Gifford was a Sheridan, one to whom wit and beauty came as natural gifts, yet one who dipped deeply into the font of human knowledge, and by pure sympathy with all that was good and



beautiful in life, exerted a lasting influence on all those whose privilege it was to know her.

A short drive from Bangor, or, still better, a pleasant two-mile stretch across the turf from Claudeboye House, will bring you to the foot of the hill. Here, glimmering amid ferns, sedges, birches, and firs, very calm and peaceful on a golden autumn day, with Helen's Tower reflected on its face, is a quiet lake. Then a smart climb through a fir wood, and the tower — a veritable Scotch tower, with "corbie stairs" and jutting turrets all complete — is before you.

At the basement lives the old keeper with his wife; and here, after inscribing your name in the visitors' book, you follow him up the stone steps.

The sleeping-chamber first. A cosy little room, remarkable for the fine specimen of French embroidery which decorates the bedstead, with the quaint inscription on the tester —

*I. nightly . pitch . my . moving . tent  
A . day's . march . nearer . home.*

From here you are taken to the top.

Looking east on a clear day the view is superb. From Claudeboye woods and lakes, Belfast Lough and the Antrim hills on the left, the eye sweeps round to Cantire and the Scotch coast, till distance is lost in the dim range of Cumberland hills.

Descending again, we enter the principal chamber — octagonal, oak-panelled, with groined pointed ceiling and stained-glass windows. On these are numerous quaint designs, intermixed with the signs of the zodiac, showing the pursuits of mankind during the progress of the seasons — from the sturdy sower of spring to the shrivelled old man warming his toes by the winter fire. Over the fireplace is a niche for a silver lamp, and flanking the west window are two poetical inscriptions — that on the left, printed in gold and hav-

ing reference to the lamp, is by Lord Dufferin's mother; and that on the right, printed in bold black type, is by the poet-laureate.

On reading Lady Gifford's graceful verses, we are pathetically reminded that she was not spared to see her son's brilliant career. I give them here, and the laureate's sonorous lines stand at the head of this paper.

TO  
MY DEAR SON ON HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY.

*With a Silver Lamp.*

"FIAT LUX."

How shall I bless thee? Human Love

Is all too poor in passionate words!

The heart aches with a sense above

All language that the lip affords!

Therefore, a symbol shall express

My love; — a thing nor rare nor strange,

But yet — eternal — measureless —

Knowing no shadow and no change!

Light! which of all the lovely shows

To our poor world of shadows given,

The fervent Prophet-voices chose

Alone — as attribute of Heaven!

At a most solemn pause we stand!

From this day forth, forevermore,

The weak, but loving, human hand

Must cease to guide thee as of yore!

Then as through life thy footsteps stray

And earthly beacons dimly shine,

"Let there be Light" upon thy way,

And holier guidance far than mine.

"Let there be Light" in thy clear soul,

When Passion tempts, or Doubts assail,

When Grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll

"Let there be Light" that shall not fail!

So — angel-guarded — may'st thou tread

The narrow path, which few may find;

And at the end look back, nor dread

To count the vanished years behind!

And pray, that she whose hand doth trace

This heart-warm prayer, when life is past,

May see and know thy blessed face

In God's own glorious Light at last!

June 21st, 1847.

MAHOMETAN PRAYERS FOR THE QUEEN. — The morning papers state that since the conclusion of the trial of Arabi prayers have been offered on behalf of the queen in mosques in Cairo and in the provinces of Egypt, her Majesty being referred to as "the Mirror of

Justice." It is curious to observe that this title is given to the Virgin Mary in some Roman Catholic litanies, she being addessed as "Speculum Justitiæ."

FREDERICK E. SAWYER.

Brighton.

Notes and Queries.